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HOMESTEADS TO COLORED CITIZENS.

IMPORTANT SPEECH OF HON. WILLIAM LAWRENCE OF OHIO.

Mr. Lawrence, of Ohio.--The bill under consideration is one of such vital importance that I am unwilling to let this occasion pass without saying a few words in its favor. It affects interests, both individual and national, to an extent rarely equaled by any one measure in Congress. I am not surprised, therefore, to find that it has given rise to a somewhat protracted debate; but it has met with a resistance and opposition beyond my expectation. To understand properly the scope and purpose of the bill it is necessary to go back a few years in our history.

By acts of Congress of May 17, June 3, and August 11, 1856, provision was made for grants of lands owned by the national government to the States of Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi to aid in the construction of railroads in those States. (11 Statutes-at-Large, 16, 17, 18, 31.)

By two acts of March 3, 1867, provision is made for granting lands for other railroads in Alabama. (11 Statutes-at-Large, 194-200.) All these acts contain a provision that—

"If any of said roads is not completed within ten years no further sales shall be made, and the lands unsold shall revert to the United States."

These railroads are owned by stockholders most of whom engaged in the rebellion, and the roads so far as completed were employed in the efforts to destroy the government, whose subsidy they had so liberally shared. They are now owned and managed by men hostile to any system of reconstruction which will not proscribe loyal citizens and restore to and retain in power and place the men who rebelled against the national authority. The immense power and patronage of the companies owning these roads is wielded to give office, position, and employment to rebels, to the general exclusion of loyal citizens.

The owners and managers of these roads having engaged in the rebellion, most of the roads are not completed. The ten years limited in the acts of Congress referred to have expired, and five million acres of unsold lands have, by the express terms of these laws, reverted to the United States. That these millions of acres have thus reverted is not denied by any gentleman either as matter of fact or of law.

The grants were made to the States, and now there is no lawful State government in any of these States either to ask or receive a release of the forfeiture or a new grant of the lands. The railroad companies to which the lands were granted by the States are asking us to revive the grants; but the convention now in session in Alabama charged with the duty of organizing a lawful civil government, by a vote of 56 to 23, voted down a proposition to ask Congress to revive these grants, and they thereby asked us to open up these lands to homestead entry and settlement.

In the late rebel States there are four millions of freedmen, nearly all of whom are landless and homeless, as poor almost as when born into the world, rich in nothing save only in loyalty to the Republic, in the heritage of freedom, and, as a general rule, in love to God and man. A large proportion of the white population of these States, and especially that portion of it loyal to the nation, is equally landless and destitute. Through privation and peril many of them stood by the flag, and they now implore us to open up to them homes where, by honest industry they may find the means of subsistence.

An act of Congress, approved June 21, 1866, authorizes every head of a family or person of twenty-one years of age, or any person having served in the army and navy, to enter, occupy, and receive a patent for eighty acres of the public lands, without pay, in the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida. (United States Laws, p. 67.)

And now, Mr. Speaker, with these facts before us, and in this condition of things, the bill we are now considering declares, first—

"That all the public lands in the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida, which were granted to said States in the year 1856 to aid them in the construction of railroads therein, and which have not been lawfully disposed of by the United States, said grants, having now expired by limitation, are hereby declared forfeited to the United States;"

And, second, That said lands so reverting, about five million acres—

"Shall henceforward be subject to homestead entry and settlement under the act of Congress approved June 21, 1866, for the disposal of the public lands for homestead actual settlement in said States precisely as are other public lands therein under said act."

Mr. Speaker, I need not discuss at any considerable length the question whether these lands have reverted to the United States. A reference to the laws, in connection with the undisputed fact of the failure to complete the railroads, is all that is necessary.

And now, sir, the legal and moral right of the nation to the absolute ownership and entire control of these undisposed lands is perfect and beyond all dispute.

That they are to be disposed of in some form by national authority is agreed on all hands, and I suppose only three modes are contemplated. The lands may be either made subject to homestead entry and settlement, or, by reviving the original grant, they may be restored to the States or railroad companies, or they may be made subject to private entry and sale at the price fixed by law.

The time was when the sale of the public lands was looked to as a source of revenue. To some extent this policy yet prevails, though it has been interfered with by grants in aid of railroads, by issuing State agricultural college scrip, and by the wise, humane, and just policy of our homestead laws. But the Committee on Public Lands propose soon to report a bill which, if passed into a law, will withdraw from sale all the public lands and leave them open to entry without cost to actual settlers under the homestead laws. This will prevent the further monopoly by private persons of the public domain. It will secure free homesteads to every citizen coming within the law. It will arrest that monopoly which enables the capitalist to realize large prices and heavy profits from actual settlers—a system by which he taxes their industry for years, and diverts the products of their labor from the improvement of homesteads, to enhance accumulated wealth. It will encourage the settlement of the public lands and remove honest laborers from the position of dependent employees or lessees to that of independent farmers, secure in the possession and happiness of homes.

It will give new employment to architects, artisans and mechanics, and make new demands for every product of industry. It will add to the resources of the country and bring upon the tax-list new wealth, increasing our revenues a hundred fold more than the paltry revenues arising from the sales of lands. It will relieve labor of unjust exactions. It will encourage and multiply marriages by giving homes to the energetic young men of the land. It will increase our population, add to their social and material comforts, give strength and durability to the nation, contentment, happiness, and virtue, in every form, to the people. It will abandon a policy which is robbery, as every system is which denies "to the children of men" the right to occupy and live upon the virgin soil. We are told, upon high authority, that—

"The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's; but the earth hath he given to the children of men."—*Psalms* cxv. 16.

But, whether such a bill as that to which I have referred shall be enacted into a law or not, the lands covered by expired railroad grants will never again be opened for sale by the nation. They will either be granted to existing or newly created railroad companies or be made subject to homestead entries or be disposed of for both these purposes.

If compelled to choose between these modes I cannot hesitate as to what is duty, expediency, or right. The homestead policy is one founded on the immutable laws of justice, and is productive of incalculable benefits to the whole people, to morality and to the nation. It needs no eulogy, no defence. Nations may have the physical power to deprive their citizens of the privilege of locating homes on the unoccupied and uncultivated public domain, but I deny the moral right to do so.

When the Almighty gave life to His children He gave them the inherent right to possess enough of unoccupied earth to secure the means of preserving it. When He ordained that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, He enacted that nations should not exclude the "children of men" from that privilege. The nation that does so robs God's poor of a heritage He created for them.

But, independently of the question of absolute right, of duty, which is the first and highest consideration, the interest of the nation and of all our citizens demands of us to open these lands to homestead entry and settlement.

A large proportion of the people of the South, white and black, are landless, homeless, poor, with no means of living but their strong arms; and in their present condition they are incapable of contributing to the public Treasury, or of aiding public or private enter prises of any character. They must either be secured in homes or doomed to the condition of dependent laborers or of lessees, giving their sweat and toil to landlords, who may be humane or exacting, as their inclination or interest may dictate.

Sir, I have none of that narrow prejudice which sometimes prevails against those who "provide for their own households." It is a duty, by honest industry, to acquire the means of being useful. And it is because I would place it within the power of all men to do this that I favor this bill. I would open up to the honest and industrious poor of the South not merely the opportunity to labor or become lessees, but also the privilege to acquire homes. The great curse of the South has been the unequal distribution of wealth, and especially the monopoly of lands, in the hands of a few, to the exclusion of the many. If the public lands of the Southern States remain open to sale or are granted to railroad companies they will continue to be monopolized by the wealthy few. Six million people, white and black, and their posterity, will be doomed to eternal servitude and poverty.

The fate of Ireland and her struggling and downtrodden people will be written all over our own Southern States. If we adopt this policy, we may expect to witness in the future more than a Fenian revolt, for justice will not sleep in quiet repose while wrong and outrage are abroad among the millions. The only road to prosperity and peace is in universal justice.

The gentleman from Indiana (Mr. Julian) during this debate, presented to the House a letter from an intelligent and reliable gentlemean in the South, who describes the difficulties under which the poor men of that region are now laboring. He says:

"It is the Northern capitalist as well as the Southern planter that the poor freedman has to contend against now. Under the present contract system he is in a worse condition, in many instances, than when in slavery. He gets fifteen dollars a month and one ration of five pounds of pork and one peck of meal per week. The planter sells him the food for his family, and at the end of the year the freedman is in debt. And I assure you it is not only the rebel planter that does this but also the pretended Republican that comes here and rents the plantation. Working under the auspices of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands (but without pay), I have spent a year's time and about three thousand dollars in efforts to get freedmen on homesteads. I am free to say that the greatest and most effective opposition that I have met with has been in part from professed Union men and those interested, directly or indirectly, in the plantation interest, politicians," etc.

One of the departments in the recent Paris Exposition was allotted

"For the exhibition of whatever was intended to illustrate the present status of the laboring classes of the different countries represented."

Among the deliberate conclusions arrived at by collating the evidence thus procured are, that

"The productiveness of labor increases everywhere in the exact measure of the amelioration of the circumstances of the laborers. Property is attained everywhere by the same means. For some years capital and labor have entered into more and more intimate relations, and the result is the prosperity resting on the surest foundation, namely, the perfect harmony of the two agents that bring it about. The evidence before us establishes in the clearest manner the truth that the pecuniary success of an industrial enterprise is in the exact ratio of the participation of the working people in its profits. The more the latter are interested in the profits of his labor the greater is the relative production and gain."

If this be true in the relation of employer and employee, of landlord and tenant, it is equally true, and has greater force, in its application to productive industry when the laborer tills his own soil and reaps all the rewards of his own industry.

Adopt the policy of this bill, and our land will be blessed with a population of whom it may be truly said—

"Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain."

And every citizen secure in the enjoyment of a home will learn

"To venerate himself as man."

Our policy should be to take care of the interests of labor and of men.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish and fade;
A breath can makethem, as a breath has made;
But (the laboring men), their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

It was because I favored the interests of the laborer, and would elevate and honor him, that I advocated the wisdom of the "eight hour law," and voted for a bill to establish it.

But the gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. Arnell) has caused to be read a statement of the Commissioner of the General Land Office that on the 30th of June last the

"Public land remaining undisposed of and subject to homestead entry in the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Florida was as follows, namely: in Alabama, 6,915,000 acres; Mississippi, 4,930,000 acres; Louisiana, 6,582,000 acres; Arkansas, 11,757,000 acres; and Florida, 17,540,000 acres. There are no public lands of the United States in Texas."

The inference he would have us draw from this is that there is now an abundance of public lands subject to homestead entry to meet all demands, and that it is not therefore necessary to open up any more.

Sir, it seems to me, the answer to this is both plain and conclusive.

The well-informed Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands (Mr. Julian) tells us that nearly all of the public domain in these States now subject to homestead entry is either barren mountains or so inaccessible to settlements as to be undesirable for present occupancy. The lands covered by these railroad grants are generally of a superior quality, in the vicinity of streams, and in every way desirable for homesteads.

The gentleman from Indiana (Mr. Julian) has caused to be read a statement relative to the grant to the New Orleans, Opelousas, and Great Western railroads and the lands in Louisiana, which says:

"Of the three million acres of government lands in this State about nine hundred thousand acres are held by this grant, and I think I can safely say there are not one hundred thousand acres of government land fit for cultivation outside of this grant."

And this, sir, is, as I learn from the Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, substantially true of the other States.

The amount of land subject to entry, according to the statement of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, which has been read, is less than forty-eight million acres. The homestead act of June 21, 1866, gives a homestead of eighty acres. A million of men in the South now need homesteads, requiring eighty million acres. This proves that these railroad grants are necessary to satisfy the demand.

The great West, of whose Representatives I have the honor to be one, is interested in having this demand satisfied. It will secure homes to the loyal freedmen who otherwise will be driven to emigrate to the North to take up their abodes there. Our interest is to have them engage in producing cotton and sugar and rice in the South to increase our export trade to foreign countries, and make a demand for the agricultural products of the West and for all the products of the people of the North. If settled on homesteads of their own, they will produce more and demand more of our Western and Northern products than if employed only as laborers or lessees.

Mr. Speaker, I can conceive of no reason for withholding these lands from homestead entries unless the nation is under some legal or moral obligations to revive the railroad grants, or unless the public interest requires this at our hands.

I think it has been sufficiently shown that no one of these reasons exists; but if it be true that there is an abundance of lands in these States, as it is alleged by some, then out of that abundance let the railroads receive grants, if it shall be deemed proper to make or revive them in their favor. As between railroads and homesteads, it is my deliberate judgment that actual settlers are entitled to the greater favor. Where settlers go railroads will go. Make homesteads and homesteads will make railroads. Let the landless poor be first supplied with homesteads, and then we can consider the claims of railroad companies.

I have no hostility to railroads, even though the late rebel States shall share their benefits. It would be a narrow and unwise policy to withhold benefits simply because they may be participated in by those who were rebels. I would withhold nothing that would secure the good of all men. But before we revive land grants we may well inquire whether they should not be in favor of corporations organized and controlled by loyal men. We may well inquire whether it is wise to vote away millions of acres of lands to be held for high prices and to tax the labor and energies of purchasers for a generation to come. And whatever may be our decision, if I ever vote for any land grant to aid in the construction of a railroad, it will only be on condition that the company receiving it shall be required to sell agricultural lands to actual settlers at a fixed price so low as to bring them within the reach of all.

Mr. Speaker, we are told that Northern capitalists are interested in some of these Southern railroad companies as owners of stock or as holders of bonds. If this be so we have no evidence that their investments will not be profitable. However this may be, their investments were made with a knowledge of the law and their rights accrued subject to the fortunes of war. They are not the only men who have suffered by similar calamities. Let us take care of those who are unable either to own stocks or bonds, and in due time the wilderness will be made to blossom as the rose. The five million acres of lands which this bill will open to homestead entries will make more than sixty thousand homes and bring happiness to three hundred thousand people.

THE GOSPEL OF HATRED.

From the New York Tribune.

There was something to be admired in the slaveholder. Like the phantom of Jupiter which appeared to Prometheus—

"Cruel he seemed, yet calm and strong,
Like one who does, not suffers, wrong."

The tyrant who ruled his realm with the lash, who punished with branding and mutilation, who burned runaways alive, and upon whose nod death danced perpetual attendance, had at least the dignity which accompanies gigantic and successful crime. In the attitude of the master was conscious power, unrelenting will, and deliberate defiance of the laws of God and man. He was the representative of victorious villany, and might properly claim that reluctant respect which men pay to the robber who compels submission, or to the murderer who risks death for himself, when he inflicts it upon others. His right to this tribute the slaveholder proved when he sprang to arms and fought, like a lion at bay, for his property in human flesh.

But for the pimp and pander to the slaveholder, for the Democratic party of the North, which jackal-like hunted for the lion of slavery, delighting in the slaughter and content when the meanest of the spoils were contemptuously thrown to it—*is that* party who could have even a morbid admiration? At the bidding of the slaveholder it went and came like a whipped spaniel; in obedience to his imperious command it placed the poorest of political creatures in the highest office of the Republic; it passed laws which turned every free State into a hunting ground; it made the Constitution of the country the broad charter of his cruelties and crimes. In those dark years, when the slaveholder ruled from Boston to New Orleans, the Democratic party sheerfully wore his collar, and when he fell from power it still howled and barked at the heels of the nation, throughout the long and agonizing struggle for life. This virtue at least it had—the fidelity with which an ill-treated cur sometimes follows a brutal master, and it is faithful yet. The slaveholder is dead, but over his grave the Democratic party whines and raves, in the hope that some miracle may yet work his resurrection. Loving his dead master so well, it hates the liberated slave. Look for the purpose which controls its action, and it may be found only in its mad, unreasoning, inhuman hatred to the negro. Take this away, and the party falls to pieces. Without the inspiration of hate, Democracy becomes no more than a disorganized faction, a superannuated rioter, and a sturdy beggar for office.

Strong words, but they are justified. For all that we say let the Democratic press be authority. We search for evidence of a higher purpose, and cannot find it in any declaration of principles, or the proposal of any national measure. Repudiation of the debt of the nation is rapidly becoming a part of the Democratic creed, yet that treachery is but a subordinate article of faith, which does not excite enthusiasm. But every element of its policy, excepting repudiation, may be resolved into hatred of the negro. It would have the rebel States instantly restored to their places in the Union—because it hates the negro; it would elect a President—because it hates the negro; it would defeat the Reconstruction measures of Congress—because it hates the negro. Than this hatred there is no other sufficient explanation of the mingled cowardice and ferocity with which it struggles to prevent the restoration of the Union upon the natural basis established by the war. Whenever a Democratic orator would appeal to the enthusiasm of his hearers, his easiest way is to ridicule the nigger. Democratic Senators in their dignified arguments must come down at last to the old talk of heels and wool, if they desire their speeches to be used as campaign documents. The leading Democratic paper of this city, in its most elaborate effort to prove the Reconstruction acts of Congress unconstitutional, was compelled at last to appeal to the prejudice of race—to confess that the whole Democratic opposition to these measures springs from hatred to the negro. Here in the North, it admits, the negroes might be permitted to vote with safety; but they are excluded by "insurmountable antipathies of race." Then, says the *World*, shall we, who exclude the negroes from our polls, force their votes upon the South? It is as if a man who shuns and shudders at the mere sight of a snake, should undertake to tie necklaces of loathesome serpents under the chins of his neighbor's family. The repugnance to negroes is less in degree, but is equally implanted by nature." We are not even spared the old question, Do you want your sister to marry a negro? "Her suitor might be well-dressed, well-mannered, upright, intelligent; nay, he might have been her benefactor, might have rescued her from flames or from drowning at the peril of his life, and yet her father or brother would cast her off as a beastly slut if she consented to marry him." The *World* does not know why God "saw fit to create the African black and the Caucasian white, to put wool upon his head and hair upon ours, to bestow upon him an odor which we do not regard as a perfume. As little do we know why God has established the repugnance which makes it an incest against nature for blacks and whites to intermarry." In all this is there not brutal hate, a mean and contemptible attempt to excite the hatred of others? Lying! Many Democratic papers think nothing of that, especially when the lie is for the injury of a colored man. Witness the *Evening Express*, which lately told a disgusting story of a negro who committed an attrocious rape on a white woman, and then declared—"It is of such stuff as this that the Southern Conventions are made."

If the colored race in this country had ever given cause for hatred, some excuse, however slight, might be made for their persecutors. But they have committed no offence. In slavery they carried the virtue of patience to an excess which made it almost a crime. Aliens, and outcasts, and pariahs; Christians who were forbidden toread the Bible; forbidden to marry, yet condemned to see their women held in concubinage by their masters; counted as men and sold as beasts—this people mutely endured unparalleled oppression for generations without striking a blow. Here, in the North, the colored man has always been law-abiding and orderly; it is only in the large cities that they become corrupted to any great extent, and even in New York there is no case known in which they hung Democrats upon lamp-posts, or burned down asylums for Democratic orphans. Patience, and fortitude, and forgiveness greater than theirs has never been seen; and in a Christian nation there has never been a meaner spectacle than their persecution. Pitiful, indeed, is the political party whose solitary great principle is hatred of the negro, and whose chief aim is to keep him in ignorance and bondage.

OUTRAGES UPON FREEDMEN IN TENNESSEE.

REPORT FROM GEN. CARLIN.

Washington, February 5, 1868.

Gen. Carlin has sent a report to the Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, in which he alludes to the outrages upon the freedmen in the State of Tennessee by organized bands of ruffians, and says the civil authorities in those States will not call upon the United States government for their suppression; and also that it is unreasonable to believe that the civil officials will attempt to arrest them. He has ordered the officers of the Bureau in certain counties to prosecute the perpetrators of these outrages wherever they can induce the civil authorities to act. He also states that the outrages against the freedmen are periodical; during the farming season they are very few, but at present the complaints are very numerous.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE CASE OF THE "NEGRO RIOT" IN SAVANNAH.

From the Brooklyn Daily Union.

To the Editor of the Union:

Believing as I do that the Northern people are desirous, above everything else, of knowing the truth concerning affairs here, I ask you to publish my letter in your columns.

The telegraphic wires will, doubtless, have reported before this the arrest of the negro Bradley, at Savannah, and an impending riot crushed by the noble conduct of the police.

Now, it so happens that I have been spending the last ten days in this city, and was out of doors almost the whole of the day on which the seditious mob occurred, yet saw nothing of it.

My first intimation of any difficulty was from one of the most respectable of the colored pastors, who simply told me that a member of his church, a blind man, had been arrested on the charge of incendiary language. In his indignation at the harsh and unjust sentence pronounced against Bradley, he allowed his zeal to get the better of his judgment, and declared—so, at least, the police say—that he ought to be rescued. Being blind, he was the more exposed to danger, and was seized, locked up, and the next day sentenced to an imprisonment of thirty days.

I have no personal acquaintance with Bradley, nor knowledge of his character save by hearsay—the most unreliable of all sources of knowledge—yet I do believe that he has been denounced, not so much because of his character as his political influence. The persecution to which he has been subjected has added to his friends and sympathizers, and given him a power among his own people which he would never have had, probably, but for this.

It ought to be well understood by this time at the North that it is the determined purpose of Southern journals—aye, even of some of them that profess themselves to be the friends of the colored race—to magnify every flaw that can be found in them to the uttermost, for the purpose, if possible, of destroying them.

Is there a small gathering on the street, and the least show of excitement? It is a furious mob, to be suppressed by the bullet and the bayonet. Does a colored man use a few rash words in public? It is sedition, to be punished by heavy fines and imprisonment. On the other hand, does a white man commit a brutal outrage on a little colored girl of tender years? He is simply fined twenty dollars, and the case kept out of the papers.

Oh! if truth could come out, if men only dared to tell what they know of the things which are daily occurring in these Southern States, how would the ears of some of our friends tingle! How would some of the judgments that are formed by many honest friends of justice and liberty be reversed!

Do not I know innocent colored people who have lost their health permanently through unjust imprisonment in this very city of Savannah?—imprisonment on mere suspicion, yet prolonged over a year.

If justice is ill administered in the Civil Courts of New York as report says, judge what it must be in the Civil Courts of the South! Alas for the man or woman of dark skin who has no other protection!

That I may not misrepresent, I must add that there *was* an excitement over Bradley's trial; a crowd *did* gather, and some hot words were spoken. Feeling, as they did, that the whole object of the prosecution was to keep their delegate from the Convention, the colored people were indignant and expressed their indignation; but not a blow was struck, and I repeat that although I was abroad during the greater part of the day, I learned of the riotous proceedings first through the Savannah *Republican*. In spite of his fine and sentence to long imprisonment, Bradley by some potent influence has been released, and is on his way to Atlanta, a greater hero than ever; meanwhile, the poor blind Wallace is dragging out his thirty days in jail, dependent on his poverty-stricken wife for a daily supply of food.

Veritas.

Savannah, January 8th, 1868.

BREAD AND THE BALLOT.

From the Detroit Post.

The report that Southern people are suffering from a want of food, is distorted by the Democratic press into a cause of reproach against the negroes. Their inability to provide for themselves and the whites is urged as an argument against their enfranchisement. They are held to be disqualified as voters because the crops are short. If their poverty is a valid argument against their suffrages, then the argument should be applied impartially, and whites as well as blacks, should be cut off from the ballot-box wherever there is a scarcity of bread. If the hungry condition of the negroes makes them unfit to vote, the empty stomachs of the white men must disqualify *them*, also. A Southern white man, for instance, writes that he once had an ample income, a splendid residence in Florida, another in South Carolina, filled with gorgeous furniture, plate, statuary, and paintings. He is now living in an open cabin, and all the furniture in it is not worth a hundred dollars. In South Carolina, he knows Gov. ——, and Gov. ——, and Col. ——, and Gen. ——, each of whom formerly owned four or five hundred negroes, but who are now bankrupt. In the Abbeville district, the wealthiest in the State, of those formerly worth ten thousand dollars, not one is solvent. Two "Colonels," once worth a half a million each, are worth nothing now. Hundreds of thousands will suffer the next year for food and clothing. He has not seen half a dozen hogs in the last six months, except a few owned by former slaves. The negroes will increase the taxes for free schools, and have all the offices, honors, and money.

It is quite evident that if those negroes who are unable to acquire property should be disfranchised, the same penalty at least should be visited upon those white men who, having had property, were unable to keep it. They had splendid residences, elegant furniture, five hundred "hands," and a disproportionate political power in consequence. Yet they were so unfit for self-government, according to the Democratic argument, that they lost all these possessions and are suffering from actual want and destitution in consequence.

It does not require any profound inquiries into the peculiarities of the different races to explain how the South became pauperized. Its soil was first worn and weakened by slave-labor—and a fierce war which "robbed the cradle and the grave," destroyed what accumulations even slave labor was enabled to produce. The white men of the South made this war for the purpose of forever enslaving the negroes who now "own the hogs" and are imposing taxes for free schools. If any are to be disqualified for being unable to take care of themselves, it should be those who deliberately threw away the tremendous advantages they once possessed. But disfranchisement is no remedy for the evil, whichever race is to blame. Confidence between the two is requisite to their mutual and respective prosperity. But they will not trust each other as long as one race refuses equal rights and privileges to the other. Society cannot be settled on a permanent basis of peace and wealth until these relations of confidence and mutual help are firmly established throughout the South by means of a government that derives its just powers from the consent of the governed—without distinction of race, color, or condition.

THE NECESSITY OF IMPEACHMENT.

From the Philadelphia Morning Post.

It is hard to escape justice. It is sometimes not easy to avoid doing it, and Congress, reluctant as it has been to risk the Impeachment of the President, is now compelled to take that step by the President himself. It does not appear to us that Mr. Johnson's offence in ordering Gen. Grant not to obey the Secretary of War is greater than other offences the House of Representatives has overlooked; but if, in the opinion of Congress, it makes a direct issue, which cannot be evaded, we shall not criticise the past. It is enough that Andrew Johnson is to be impeached, and therefore removed; for the evidence before the public leaves no doubt of the result of an impartial trial. It is enough that the XLth Congress will not be accused hereafter of fearing to do its duty, and becoming the accomplice of the President, by refusing to become his judge.

It is because we firmly believed that there is between the President and Congress an issue as important to the country as that between Jeff. Davis and Abraham Lincoln, that we have never ceased to demand impeachment. It is the one great measure which should take precedence of all laws of reconstruction, and all financial laws. It is useless for Congress to make any plan, however excellent in itself, while it leaves Andrew Johnson in the Presidency. Congress has tried that experiment for two years, and it has brought little to the country but trouble and perpetual disquiet. We must recognize that there is a rebellion; that Andrew Johnson heads it; that the only way to deal with it is to strike off its head, and to thus paralyze the whole body. From the New Orleans massacre to the denial of the constitutionality of the Reconstruction laws, every act of the rebellion is done by the authority or under the protection of Andrew Johnson. The rebels of the South have their headquarters in the White House. Longer to permit this defiance of constitutional authority by the President, is to risk unknown evils. Every day that the President remains, adds to the insolence of his rebel followers, and encourages them to resistance. Impeachment means the restoration of peace, and the undisturbed execution of the laws. The moment Congress puts a loyal man in the Presidency, that moment the difficulties and dangers of reconstruction will end.

MURDER, LAWLESSNESS AND INJUSTICE IN GEORGIA.

The Atlanta correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing on the 28th of January, relates the following story of wrong and murder:

I bespeak your careful reading of this case—a remarkable one—exemplifying, as it does, several phases of Southern life, customs, barbarity and lawlessness.

It was rumored to-day that the sheriff and coroner of Jasper county, Georgia, had just been brought in under military arrest. Upon diligent inquiry, and from reliable sources, I have ascertained the following interesting facts, as connected with and accounting for their presence in Atlanta in charge of a guard.

In the county of Jasper, a freedman named John Brown, and his wife Maria, last year contracted with a planter (white) named Homer Barnes, to work for him.

Lately, Maria told her husband that, at different times during the Summer, Barnes forced her to illicit intercourse.

On Monday, the 13th instant, Barnes, who had since married, went to Brown's cabin and asked Maria who had been telling that he (Barnes) had been keeping her. Maria replied that she had told her husband and that he had spoken of it.

Barnes left, but soon returned with a revolver and club. Meeting Brown he demanded whether or not he had said that Barnes had been keeping Maria. Brown replied that he had, and thought there was no harm in telling the truth, whereupon Barnes struck Brown on the head with the club, and then drew his revolver and fired at Brown, the ball passing through his coat and grazing his right shoulder.

Brown then ran out of the house, followed by Barnes, who fired again, the ball entering Brown's left hip; Brown fell, but soon jumped up and ran again, when Barnes fired the third shot, again hitting Brown, who managed to gain the woods, and that night went to Monticello, a distance of six miles. Here, with three bullets in his body, and simply for want of money, he was unable to obtain a physician to attend to his wounds.

The next day he went to Robert Barnes, father of Homer Barnes, related what had occurred, and asked the elder Barnes for God's sake to get him his wife to attend him and nurse him. Barnes, Sr., told him to procure a house and he would get his wife for him. Brown then went to Berry J. Digby, Sheriff of Jasper county, who lived in the neighborhood, and procured a house for himself and family, in Digby's yard; this was on Thursday, January 16. That night Sheriff Digby gave a ball, to which Barnes and his friends were invited. Between eight and nine o'clock, after dancing had commenced, Homer Barnes went to the house where were Brown and his wife, and again accused Brown of talking about him, adding, "I intend to kill you both."

Then, drawing his revolver, he fired, hitting Brown in the head and slightly wounding him. Then turning to Maria Brown, he deliberately aimed his pistol at her breast and fired, the ball passing through her, killing her instantly.

Barnes then walked out to the yard, and remarked to the sheriff's son, John A. McClendon and others, that "he would like to see any one arrest him for killing a d—d nigger,"—got on his horse and rode away.

The sheriff says John A. McClendon came into the same room and said to him, "Homer Barnes has killed that negro wench." He went out and found that "sure enough" he had killed her. However, he paid no more attention to the matter until 12-½ or 1 o'clock, and as the people were going home from the ball he sent word by one of them to tell the coroner to come and hold an inquest. Next morning he (the sheriff), having business to attend to, left early, but gave instructions not to bury the woman until the coroner arrived. At 11 a. m., the coroner and the jury were on the spot, John A. McClendon, above mentioned, being on the jury.

Brown was examined, upon oath, and testified substantially to the facts just related. Whereupon the jury make the following return.

"January, 17, 1868.

'Georgia, Jasper county: We, the jury, after being duly sworn by W. Wilson, coroner of said county, after an examination of the body of Maria, wife of John Brown, believe her death to have been caused by a gunshot wound in the right breast, on the night of the 16th instant, at the house of Berry J. Digby, Jr., by the hands of some one unknown to us.

"Signed by the coroner and nine jurymen."

The coroner advised the freedman, Brown, to leave the country, else he too would be killed, which advice the freedman lost no time in complying with; and in his crippled condition, and with his three children, the youngest only eight months old, made his way to Covington, twenty miles distant from the scene of the outrage.

Judge Thompson, of Jasper County Court, father-in-law of the murderer Barnes, came to Coventry and wanted to compromise the matter with the freedman Brown, offering to take care of him until he recovered from his wounds, and would bind himself to raise the children until they were twenty-one years of age, and would write Homer Barnes to come back, and he would have a fair trial before the courts of Jasper. The negro, however, refused this offer, declaring that it was their intention to kill him in order that he might not testify against the murderer of his wife.

An officer sent to Jasper to investigate the facts of the case, had the following conversation with the Sheriff and the Coroner:

"Mr. Sheriff, have you made any attempt to arrest this man Barnes?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I had no warrant."

"Have you any doubts as to who killed the woman?"

Answer—"If I had been there the findings of the jury would have been different."

"Do you not know that you can arrest a felon without a warrant?"

"Yes, I know that; *but they are my neighbors, Judge Thompson lives on one side of me and Homer Barnes on the other.*"

"Do you think you can arrest this man?"

"Not without the assistance of the military."

To the Coroner—"Where is the testimony you took before the inquest?"

Answer—"I only swore one witness; that was the freedman Brown, and the jury would not believe him, so I did not put down his testimony."

"Was there a *post mortem* examination?"

Answer—"No, sir."

THE QUESTION OF VERACITY.

From the Worcester (Mass.) Spy.

Whatever may be said hereafter upon the points at issue between the President and Gen. Grant, partisans will decide according to their political bias. There are a multitude, however, of thoughtful and conscientious men who will decide differently, and will adhere to the side on which they are for good and sufficient reasons persuaded. If Gen. Grant had no moral advantage in this unpleasant controversy, he could still afford to stand upon the record he has made for himself, even though the President and all his cabinet were against him. The fault of Gen. Grant—and Wendell Phillips does not state that fault too strongly—has been that he has listened too much to the President's schemes for impeding the regular administration of the laws, and except where they affected his personal reputation, has protested too little against them. He has himself discovered by this time that it is impossible to touch pitch and not be defiled; and though no candid man can read the correspondence and believe he compromised himself in any dishonorable way, yet his constitutional reticence at a time when vigorous speech was required of him, has given his enemies an opportunity to assail him, which they are disposed to use to the utmost.

The proposition which the President made to Gen. Grant, in the statement of which they substantially agree, was that the General should remain in the office of Secretary of War, and resist the restoration of Mr. Stanton, or that he should resign in season for the President to appoint some person who would resist. To this he says Gen. Grant assented. "Indeed," he adds, "it must have been apparent to you that had not this understanding been reached, it was my purpose to relieve you from the further discharge of duties as Secretary of War *ad interim*, and to appoint some other person in that capacity." The proposition was in itself infamous. It was the attempt of a man resolved upon crime to induce another whom he taunts with being under obligation to him to participate in the crime. It was infamous in a two-fold sense; first, as a deliberate scheme to defeat the operation of a law, passed with all the forms required by the Constitution, and having the force of every other law; and second, as a plot to corrupt the fidelity of an officer who has won the affection of the country by his splendid services, and to whom it looks with abiding confidence as a guide and guard through the difficulties and dangers that are before us.

In common affairs, if a man were guilty of such conduct, it would not be difficult to believe him capable of lying about it; and he would be likely to lie about it. There would be no necessity for introducing collateral evidence on that point. He would not be believed under oath. He would be challenged peremptorily. But it is different with Gen. Grant. Here was a deliberate attempt to entrap him into a lawless conspiracy which would have led inevitably to a collision which it is not pleasant to contemplate. The President asserts that Gen. Grant consented to become a party to the conspiracy. The statement is on its face incredible. Search Gen. Grant's record with a microscope, and you will not find a shadow of a flaw to justify a belief in infidelity like this. What could be the motive? Gen. Grant has discovered it, and the country will applaud the frankness with which he has stated it. "Where," he says, "my honor as a soldier, and my integrity as a man have been so violently assailed, pardon me for saying that I can but regard this whole matter, from beginning to end, as an attempt to involve me in the resistance of law, for which you hesitated to assume the responsibility, in order thus *to destroy my character before the country.* I am, in a measure, confirmed in this conclusion by your recent orders directing me to disobey orders from the Secretary of War, my superior and your subordinate, without having countermanded the authority I am to disobey." These are bold charges; and the fact that a man, as slow to wrath as Gen. Grant is, has been moved to make them, is one more proof of the wisdom of the constraint under which the Executive has been placed, and of the folly of expecting anything like national repose until that department of the government is restored to upright and law-abiding hands.

LETTER OF MR. JOHN V. GIVENS

TO MR. JAMES H. HARRIS, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

From the Philadelphia Press, January 18, 1868.

Sir: You will excuse the liberty I take in addressing these lines to you; but when you consider that I am one of the blacks—one who is ever watchful of the interests of my race, and one who labors night and day to do all I can to soften the unmerited and determined insults that are heaped upon us from time to time—you will readily understand why I desire to occupy your attention. When a man descends from the dignity of his high position in this great nation to heap those insults upon a poor ignorant race, in order to create in the hearts of the blacks a feeling of hatred to their oppressors, and to open again the sluices of revengeful bitterness in the breasts of those who call themselves our masters, I cannot be silent. My own and others' efforts must prove vain if such men as James Brooks, of New York city (where they burned the colored children's orphan asylum), who represent a constituency that never ceases with extreme malevolence to slander and malign the negro, because, as he says, "our heels are longer and our lips thicker" than theirs, can succeed in traducing us. The secret then of our offending is not, as some say, our color and intellectual inferiority, but our heels and lips and hair; they are the great causes of evil; and, therefore, we are not fit for freedom and the suffrage. The only way to remedy this is for a certain class of our white gentry days of slavery (behind the scenes) miscegenation, amalgamation, and social equality, and, in the event of time, my race, I have no doubt, would have their heels shortened, their lips less thick, and the wool removed from the place where the hair ought to grow. But, sir, these long heeled people have determined never again to be reduced to slavery, to degradation unutterable as the parents of the children of St. Domingo. Our parents were transported from Africa, and, like the former, after having once become freemen we could not again be reduced to bondage. Napoleon, the first Consul of the French, sent from time to time his best and tried troops to St. Domingo, in order to reduce its inhabitants again to slavery. The waters were covered with the foe. All France seemed coming to this island. In the first fifty-four ships of the line were the troops of the Rhine; troops who had conquered a fairer river than our broad Potomac; who had climbed the castles of her steeps and crowned themselves from her vineyards; troops of the Alps

down-trodden race. Sent to be conquerors, but did they conquer? No; all France, with her troops of the Rhine, of the Alps, of the Nile—with all Europe to back her—could not extinguish the soul of a free man. That soul, when once the soul of a man and not of a slave, would overthrow the Pyramids and the Alps themselves sooner than be reduced to what Mr. Brooks and his friends may consider their "normal condition." But enough of this, or I may be accused of cajolery and bombast towards him of the short heel. A right doughty knight is he; right valiantly he plays, this man who shouts his battle-cry of hatred against the long heels! He has no doubt seen many long heels faint under the lash, some die in the stocks, and others torn to pieces in the swamps by the bloodhounds, but this noble knight is not satisfied. He is mad because there is no law to make lust sweeter and cruelty safer, as in the palmy days of slavery. Our skins may be a disgrace, our blood infamous, but the hearts of the blacks can never be turned from their thoroughly faithful allegiance to the government of the United States by the croaking of such ravens. We have only pity for them that would again bring ruin and woe upon us. We forgive them that despitefully use us, and our watchword is: "No retaliation!" While the war cry of hatred sounds against us at noonday, we will breathe a prayer of forgiveness; at minnight we will not be revengeful. Spirits of hell may rage against us, but the temper of Christ shall dwell within us. We thank God that we have many friends in the government whose souls are not narrowed, and whose aims are not low—friends that stick closer than a brother.

We have begun our career of freedom in reverence to God and obedience to the laws of our country. We will continue it with clean hands and pure hearts, and we will forgive offences seventy and seven times renewed. I am, thank God, a servant of these blacks, and I shall ever say to them: "Take upon yourselves the yoke of Him who calmed the Sea of Galilee, and forgive those who trespass against us."

JOHN V. GIVENS.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI SLAVERY SOCIETY was celebrated on Wednesday evening, January 23d, at Horticultural Hall, Boston.

Last year the receipts were TWENTY-FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS; in which sum was included the liberal donation of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society. This year that Society held a separate Festival, and paid ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS into the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Meanwhile, our receipts, without that aid, exceed the sum of TWENTY-THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS. This result gives most gratifying proof of the increased devotion and activity of the friends of the Cause.

The return to our old custom of furnishing refreshments added very much to the social character of the occasion, by breaking up its formality, and keeping the friends longer and more intimately together. Their kindness, and especially the very generous aid of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua B. Smith, enabled us to cover our tables free of any expense to the Committee; and we desire particularly to acknowledge the very efficient assistance of MRS. SMITH in this Department.

To MRS. GEORGE L. STEARNS, THE STANDARD is indebted for facilities which the munificent labors of her late husband put it into her power to extend to us.

The occasion brought together, either by presence or token, an honored assembly of the long-tried and nobly-true friends of the Society.

The value of the offerings made, though very gratifying, is not to be estimated by money's worth, but by the identity of principle, the lofty integrity and heroic devotion—the real services of transcendent worth to the Cause—associated with these cherished names of our Anti-Slavery History. Not by might of money or numbers, but by the spirit of Right and Justice, always urgent in demand and faithful in rebuke, do we expect to conquer hate and prejudice, and to see the black man as secure in his Freedom, as much a part and power of the nation as the white.

The few thousands given annually at this Festival, scarcely ever exceeding what could be counted on the fingers of one hand, have been sufficient to keep THE STANDARD planted in the front ranks—the vanguard of this great moral warfare involving the vital questions of national politics and religion.

These freshly-pledged tributes will enable it still to maintain the unpopular post of battling for the fundamental rights of the victim race. To know how unpopular this work of THE STANDARD is, one needs but to read the journals of the religious mission societies, which use for sectarian purposes hundreds of thousands of dollars, gathered from the ready sympathy of the churches for the negro, but not touching with one of their little fingers the burden of *Judgment* for him.

When the American Anti-Slavery Society has pioneered the way through every peril and difficulty, these societies can afford to occupy the new field, as they now do of Bibles for the blacks.

The more philanthropic educational movement, schools for the freedmen, though invaluable, is but the mint and cummin tithe of that justice which is our work to see permanently secured to him. Suffrage his, he can support his own schools, and vote the public domain to education as the people of New York do.

The Bureau, in its last Report, confesses it could give but inadequate protection to the touching misery that seeks the shelter of its wing. To the hundreds that are beaten and murdered with impunity from Virginia to Texas, the Civil Rights which the Bureau is set to defend are but a mockery. We have seen the Military Power when disposed to do justice to the loyal Southern blacks, balked and countermanded by the President.

The Republican party, in Congress and out, has shamefully bartered the rights of colored men, both North and South, as if they were mere stocks in the market, ever since that day in June, 1865, when the rotten policy of Reconstruction began in North Carolina. The aim of the party and its servile press has been to save itself from defeat, with negro suffrage if it can, without it, if it must.

Such short-comings and betrayal, by those who have assumed guardianship of the negro, show how illy, at any time, he could spare such a voice in his behalf as THE STANDARD.

THE STANDARD is not partial, but radiates its blessings on every side.

The educated young men need its unchoked utterance, for it does not leave them, as Mr. Emerson says the College does, to take the immoral side in politics without rebuke. Some of the most illustrious names of the war felt its forming influence on their principles and character.

There is no certainty that our future is to be exempt from demands for equal heroism and sacrifice. Indeed, to-day there is loud call for brave devotion and loyalty, harder to obey than the summons to the cannon's mouth.

The moral force of a journal consecrated like this, without variableness or turning from its just goal, is incalculable. It becomes, like Michael Angelo, the *Conscience* of its time, and has the great allies

"Hopes, exultations, agonies
And man's unconquerable mind."

That its high and beneficent mission has again been blessed with the benedictions of the most earnest and best men and women of the age, who, like GERRIT SMITH, SAMUEL J. MAY, LUCRETIA MOTT and LYDIA MARIA CHILD, have greatened the hope and the happiness of the world by their love and labor for humanity, is cause of rejoicing and thankfulness, and a gathering for such a purpose may fitly be styled a Festival.

We add the following letters from friends unable to attend the Festival:

LETTER FROM MR. AND MRS. D. L. AND L. MARIA CHILD.

WAYLAND, Jan. 1st, 1868.

DEAR FRIEND PHILLIPS: We enclose $50 as our subscription to the Anti-Slavery Society. If our means equalled our wishes, we would send a sum as large as the legacy FRANCIS JACKSON intended for that purpose, and of which the Society was deprived, as we think, by an unjust legal decision. If our sensible and judicious friend could speak to us from the other side of Jordan, we doubt not he would say that the vigilance of the Anti-Slavery Society was never more needed than at the present crisis, and that, consequently, he was never more disposed to aid it liberally.

Of course, the rancorous pride and prejudice of this country cannot be cured by any short process, not even by lessons so sternly impressive as those of our recent bloody conflict. There is cause for great thankfulness that "war Abolitionists" were driven to perform so important a part in the great programme of Providence; but their recognition of human brotherhood is rarely of a kind to be trusted in emergencies. In most cases, it is not "*skin* deep." Those who were Abolitionists in the teeth of popular opposition, are the only ones who really made the case of the colored people their own; therefore, they are the ones least likely to be hoodwinked by sophistry and false pretences now.

To us, the present crisis of the country seems more dangerous than that of '61. The insidiousness of oppressors is always more to be dreaded than their open violence. There can be no reasonable doubt that a murderous feeling toward the colored people prevails extensively at the South; and we are far from feeling very sure that a large party could not be rallied at the North in favor of restoring slavery. We have no idea that it ever *can* be restored; but if we would avert the horrors of another war, more dreadful than the last, we must rouse up and keep awake a public sentiment that will compel politicians to do their duty. This we consider the appropriate and all-important work of the old Anti-Slavery Society.

The British Anti-Slavery Society deserted their post too soon. If they had been as watchful to protect the freed people of the West Indies as they were zealous to emancipate them, that horrid catastrophe in Jamaica might have been avoided. The state of things in those islands warns us how dangerous it is to trust those who have been slaveholders, and those who habitually sympathize with slaveholders, to frame laws and regulations for liberated slaves. As well might wolves be trusted to guard a sheepfold.

We thank God, friend Phillips, that you are preserved and strengthened to be a wakeful sentinel on the watch-tower, ever ready to warn a drowsy nation against selfish, timid politicians, and dawdling legislators, who manifest no trust either in God or the people.

Yours faithfully,

DAVID L. CHILD,
L. MARIA CHILD.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MARY GREW.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 21st, 1868.

MY DEAR MRS. SARGENT: It is too late for me to send any words of greeting to you; but you need no words of mine either for counsel or encouragement. Wisdom, born of long experience in contending for the right, against principalities and powers; faith which no opposition or apparent defeat could shake; and hope which from the beginning saw a victorious end, are the inspiration of the faithful band of men and woman who will gather to-morrow evening in your Horticultural Hall, to renew their pledges of feelty to the cause of the full, complete emancipation of the colored race in this country.

Looking around us, we see an immense amount of labor required at our hands; looking backward we see so much gained, such victories won, that words fail us in our attempt to express our gratitude and joy. The slave's full deliverance, his perfectly secured freedom, may not come this year nor the next, though we hope and trust it will; but until it does come, we will stand by his side and labor for its accomplishment, while mortal life shall last.

Very cordially yours,

MARY GREW.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM ROBERT PURVIS.

DEAR MR. SARGENT: I would gladly have the enjoyment, from your "FESTIVAL," of that refreshing influence which ever comes from the pure fountain of Anti-Slavery humanity. But, alas! the weakness of the flesh compels me to forego the pleasure of being with you in person. You, however, will allow the expression of the deepest feelings of respect and gratitude to those noble men and women, who, not reposing upon laurels fairly won by services in the past, mean to be true to the end; mean to fight this battle against slavery until its foul spirit shall be cast out and the simple but comprehensive doctrine of the Republic maintained, by rejecting all classification of *race*, in determining the personal rights and political status of her citizens. To this end, plainly, our duty, as Abolitionists, points; and may God grant, that, in this the most critical period in the history of our Anti-Slavery warfare, the true and *undeluded* veterans will be equal to their great responsibilities.

Of Wendell Phillips (Heaven's blessings upon him) I accept most heartily every word of reference you make.

No man, at this moment, wields a greater power in the nation! Every word that falls from his lips or his pen is eagerly caught up by the press of the country, and, thus widely circulating, the most beneficent results *must* follow. We shall not despair of our cause or our country whilst life and light are dispensed by our cherished, honored, and distinguished leader.

I am, dear friend, most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PURVIS.

Byberry, Pennsylvania, Jan. 15th, 1868.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. AND MRS. SPOONER.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq.—*Dear Friend*: The meetings are at hand and we are unable to attend them. But we lose none of our interest in the cause, and pray that your strength may be equal to the day, although that day be most strangely protracted. With our best wishes for the triumph of right over wrong, and to aid your efforts therein, be pleased to accept the inclosed with the sincere esteem of

Yours truly,

BOURNE & HANNAH B. SPOONER.

Plymouth, January 22, 1868.

LETTER FROM R. H. OBER AND OTHERS.

SOUTH NEWBURY, GEAUGA CO., O., Jan. 15, 1868.

To the Thirty-fourth National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary:

From our Buckeye home we send greeting to the earnest souls with whom we have for many years been privileged to contribute for the restoration of the noble children of Africa, to their place among the nations of the earth. Their day of triumph is at hand. God speed its coming.

Accept our mites of fuel with which to feed the locomotive.

R. H. OBER,
LIMA H. OBER,
D. M. ALLEN,
SOPHIA L. O. ALLEN.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

ROCHESTER, January 16, 1868.

DEAR MISS HOLLEY: You may pledge me for fifty dollars in support of THE STANDARD for the present year. * * * THE STANDARD never did a better work than during the last three years, and was never more needed than now. Let it continue to "pour the living coals of truth on the nation's naked heart."

Yours truly,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM H. M. CRANE, ESQ.

RONDOUT, N. Y., January 17, 1868.

WENDELL PHILLIPS—*Dear Friend*: Not being able as I should wish, to attend the Ladies Subscription Anniversary on the 22d, I take the liberty of enclosing $5 to you to go toward THE STANDARD subscription. There is but one STANDARD in America and that is the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD. It is the *salt* of the *press*, and although it takes a mighty big lump in these days of N. Y. *Tribunes*, THE STANDARD lump has well held its own—is still fresh, sharp, vigorous, and cannot but *purify* where'er it goes. May you have, then, a grand success on the 22d, and I may add a good word too for the anniversary of the 23d.

Very truly yours,

HENRY M. CRANE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM REV. JAMES THURSTON.

[Mr. T. has lately returned from successful services to the freedmen.]

WEST NEWTON, January 31, 1868.

MY DEAR MRS. SARGENT: I am glad that the managers of the National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary have not been found wanting at this time, either as regards the object or the method of their efforts. Who that knows the history of the past forty years of our country, or that understands the shoals and quicksands which endanger the safety of our richly freighted ship, can doubt that watchfulness and unremitted exertions are demanded now, to ensure success to the good cause of freedom and justice and highest welfare to all of every color and every name. Work, work! speak, speak! act, act!

Yours for humanity,

JAMES THURSTON.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Sarah Shaw Russell,	$300 00
David L. and Lydia Maria Child,	50 00
Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring,	20 00
William I. Bowditch,	50 00
Sallie Holley,	50 00
Mrs. Otto Dressel,	5 00
M. Lowell Putnam,	15 00
Henry G. Denney,	10 00
Dr. David Thayer,	10 00
Chas. K. and E. C. Whipple,	10 00
Mehitable Haskell,	2 00
Rev. Rowland Connor,	10 00
Sarah Cowing,	5 00
John L. Whiting,	3 00
Mr. and Mrs. C. Cowing,	5 00
Mrs. L. D. Parker,	25 00
Susan H. Cowing,	10 00
Mrs. M. E. Willey,	10 00
Mrs. Nichols,	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Greene,	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Merrill,	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Buffum,	50 00
Lewis Ford,	1 00
W. A. Wilson,	2 00
A. M. Forrest,	1 00
Mrs. Lidian Emerson,	10 00
J. H. Stephenson,	10 00
Austin A. Roberts,	1 00
J. Hayward,	2 00
Wendell Phillips,	200 00
J. A. Burr,	15 00
Mrs. D. Howland,	3 00
Miss Jenkins,	1 00
H. M. Crane,	5 00
Col. H. Camp,	5 00
Miss. E. Howland,	5 00
The Misses Ireson,	10 00
Miss Ellen M. Lee,	1 00
Dr. M. E. Zakrzewska,	5 00
Mrs. Alfred H. Sumner,	5 00
Dr. Lucy E. Sewall,	10 00
Ann G. Phillips,	200 00
Miss C. M. Otis,	1 00
Eliza Brown,	25
John T. Sargent,	50 00
Sarah Gardner,	50
Anna Shaw Green,	100 00
Mrs. Mary S. Moses,	2 00
Elizabeth M. Powell,	3 00
Mrs. Harriet M. Pitman,	20 00
Mrs. Sarah J. Nowell,	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. N. White,	50 00
Mrs. Frances H. Drake,	1 00
Mrs. Elizabeth Wilder,	1 00
A. Friend,	1 00
K. A.	1 00
Mrs. J. Q. Adams,	5 00
Reuben Weston,	5 00
F. M. B.	5 00
Mrs. Anne L. Gwynne,	10 00
Mary C. Sawyer,	5 00
T. P. Locke,	5 00
A. M. and A. R. Powell,	5 00
A Friend,	1 00
A Friend,	1 00
A Friend,	50
Mrs. Dresser,	3 50
M. A. Read,	1 00
Photius Fiske,	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Smith,	20 00
S. M. Burr,	10 00
L. Holmes,	1 00
Caroline A. Mason,	3 00
Zebulon P. White,	5 00
Miss Willie Sweet,	10 00
James Jackson,	5 00
Martha Smith,	5 00
Edwin Wilbur,	10 00
R. P. Hallowell,	25 00
Anna D. Hallowell,	25 00
Mrs. Eliza P. Hammond,	2 00
Mrs. R. H. Morrell,	2 00
Miss Caroline Southwick,	25
Miss Christine K. Sargent,	2 00
Miss Henrietta P. Hall,	1 00
Mrs. E. D. Rockwood,	10 00
R. A. and M. Goddard,	5 00
George Otis,	2 00
Rev. L. A. Grimes,	1 00
Anne Brown,	2 00
R. W. Henshaw,	10 00
Wm. Sparrell,	2 00
Cornelius Wellington,	10 00
Francis Burnham,	3 00
A Friend,	50
A. Willey,	1 00
Susan W. Locke,	1 00
Mrs. Coffin,	2 00
A Friend,	2 00
T. C.-Fritz,	1 00
W. H. Willis,	1 00
Mrs. Reveillor,	50
Frederick A. Greene,	10 00
John Mitchell,	5 00
M. B. Bryant,	10 00
Rev. J. W. Chadwick,	5 00
J. G. Dodge,	2 00
Thomas M. Rooker,	5 00
Mrs. Mary L. Richmond,	1 00
Miss Mary Atkins,	3 00
Mrs. Charles Fitz,	3 00
Nathaniel Barney,	5 00
Mrs. Mary H. Adams,	5 00
Seth Hunt,	5 00
M. P. Osborn,	5 00
Dr. Dio Lewis,	10 00
Mrs. Margaret P. Brown,	3 00
Mrs. Elizabeth Mendum,	5 00
Miss C. F. Putnam,	2 00
Rev. F. Tiffany,	5 00
John B. Pierce,	5 00
Russell Marston,	10 00
Rev. Samuel J. May,	5 00
Mrs. Austin,	1 00
Catharine C. Knowles,	2 00
Dr. Dio Lewis,	10 00
Wm. J. Linton,	5 00
Miss S. E. Wall,	10 00
Mrs. C. W. Slack,	5 00
Slocum Howland,	3 00
Samuel L. Hill,	5 00
Miss Robie,	10 00
Bourne & Hannah B. Spooner,	50 00
Mary Grew,	5 00
Margaret J. Burleigh,	2 00
R. H. Ober, Lima H. Ober, D. M. Allen, Sophia O. Allen,	20 00
C. E. Cooley,	1 00
Miss Pierce,	50
Miss Whittemore,	50
Mrs. Wiseman,	1 00
Mr. Taylor,	1 00
Mrs. Haley,	1 00
Mrs. J. T. Sargent,	25 00
F. H. Sargent,	7 00
Mrs. J. G. Birney,	10 00
Sarah Ford,	50
Edmund Jackson,	10 00
Mary Willey,	2 00
Mrs. A. Freeman,	2 00
J. C. Haynes,	10 00
Mr. Hopkins,	1 00
Maria S. Paige,	2 00
Mrs. Merrill,	1 00
A friend,	1 00
A. Farmenter,	5 00
A friend,	1 00
Caroline C. Thayer,	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown,	2 00
Rev. Henry T. Cheever,	3 00
H. G. O. Blake,	2 00
Mrs. P. Gerry,	1 00
Margaret P. and B. Snow, Jr.,	100 00
M. M. Brooks,	30 00
Mr. and Mrs. David Joy,	25 00
Mrs. J. H. White,	50
Mrs. O. G. Page,	50
William P. Tomlinson,	5 00
Mrs. A. G. Brown,	1 00
Mrs. Harriet A. Gray,	1 00
Mrs. Eliza Lawton,	1 00
Miss C. L. Revallian,	1 00
Mrs. M. Howard,	1 00
Mrs. M. A. Lewin,	1 00
Mrs. J. A. Woolson,	2 00
Miss Annie M. Osben,	50
Mrs. C. C. Nichols,	1 00
Joseph Harris,	1 50
Robert Churchill,	1 50
Charles Whittier,	1 00
Louis Jenkins,	50
Larkin A. Smith,	1 00
Stephen Sewall,	1 00
John Steward,	1 00
Robert Bryant,	1 00
Martin L. Rogers,	
Mrs. C. Richardson,	1 00
Mrs. M. A. Osborn,	50
Mr. R. Lamson,	2 00
J. C. Hayms,	10 00
T. Hopkins,	1 00
Mrs. Emeline J. Smith, Refreshment Table.	
Mrs. H. R. Harding, " "	
Mrs. Harriet B. Jacobs, " "	
Mrs. Lucy Beach, " "	
Mrs. Lamson, " "	
Mrs. Wellington, " "	
Mrs. Magoun, " "	
Mrs. S. A. Page, " "	
Mrs. A. A. Clarke, " "	
Mrs. C. E. Bicknell, " "	
Mr. B. King, " "	
Mrs. C. L. Harding, " "	
Mrs. Charles K. Hooker, " "	
Mrs. Thomas Whittemore, " "	
Mrs. Hurlburt, " "	
Mrs. Magoun, " "	
Mrs. Russell Marston, " "	
Receipts at the Refreshment Table,	126 50

PLEDGES.

S. S. Foster,	$10 00
Joseph Pierce, Melrose,	1 00
Elizabeth B. Chace,	5 00
Mrs. C. M. Severance,	10 00
Frederick Douglass,	50 00
Geo. W. Putnam,	2 00

THE FESTIVAL.

EXTRACT of a letter from a friend:

"It was my good fortune, as you know, to be present at the Boston meetings and Festival. Very grateful I felt for the privilege. Those who miss these occasions little know what they lose. Mr. Higginson well said in one of his speeches, 'The Anti-Slavery cause has done more for us than we can ever do for it.' How I wished, as he said it, more young people could fathom his meaning and fall into the ranks with a religious consecration. The ladies of Boston and vicinity who labored for the success of the Festival must feel well repaid. Among other efficient helpers our cause is especially indebted to the personal efforts of Mrs. M. E. SARGENT. Her untiring energy contributed largely to the auspicious results. For many weeks she devoted herself assiduously to the preliminary arrangements. I rejoice with her and our friends one and all at the gratifying success achieved."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

JOHNSON—GRANT.

THE recent correspondence between Mr. Johnson and Gen. Grant is not, on the whole, likely to add much to the feeling of security on the part of the best friends of the country. Mr. Johnson is brought out in more bold relief than hitherto as an infamous, unscrupulous demagogue whose sympathies are plainly enough with the discomfited rebels of the South. He is restrained from a more rash venture in the direction of usurpation only from the fear of ignominious failure, such as overtook Davis & Co. on the battle field. He will scruple at nothing which he and his immediate friends, in their skilful manipulation of certain Senators and Representatives, feel assured he can safely attempt, to baulk the nation, and cheat the negro of his freedom.

Gen. Grant, as we have all along considered, has been an effective ally of the President, whatever the motive, enabling him, by his compliance to oust Mr. Stanton in the first place, to displace Sheridan, Sickles, and Pope, and so far to obstruct reconstruction as to secure the defeat of the first new Constitution submitted in Alabama. Giving credit for a good motive in this ill-advised step in accepting the War Secretaryship *ad interim*, the results already tell seriously against his judgment. His readiness to recommend the copperhead Cox for the War Office shows clearly enough that at a very recent date he was by no means "out of the woods." His charge against Johnson of a purpose to entrap him into resistance to the laws ought to have made him, if he really believes what he affirmed, the friend and advocate of impeachment. But he is understood to have steadily given his influence against this measure. If the present revival of the impeachment inquiry shall, as before, prove a failure, we shall hold Gen. Grant, more than any other man, responsible for the untoward result. He, is of course, not expected to report articles of impeachment, but such is his present relation to the Republican party, and to Congress, that if Congress fails to impeach and depose Johnson, as urged anew by Thaddeus Stevens, Gov. Boutwell and others, the loyal people will hold Gen. Grant responsible, together with Congress, for the failure. At the bottom of all this correspondence at this time is, as a considerable motive power on both sides, political intrigue. That Gen. Grant and his friends prefer to risk the welfare of the nation with Johnson in the Executive chair until March 1869, to taking their party chances against Wade for the Presidency, next year, with impeachment and the helm in loyal hands, argues strongly against Grant and his conservative supporters.

On the question of the negro's status, the vitally important one, let Radicals also remember that GRANT HAS YET TO SPEAK SATISFACTORILY.

MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD, in a letter accompanying a remittance for THE STANDARD for the current year, writes as follows:

WAYLAND, MASS., Feb. 1, 1868.

AARON M. POWELL—*Dear Sir*: Inclosed is $3 00, our yearly subscription for THE STANDARD. Money cannot pay for the privilege of having a paper that speaks the truth boldly, without fear or favor, alike unfettered by sect and untrammelled by any political party. Such a paper was never more needed than at the present time, and I am thankful to see that so many friends rally to its support.

Yours cordially,

L. MARIA CHILD.

LUCY STONE, we are glad to learn, has thus far met with a very cordial reception in Massachusetts, in a series of lectures delivered in Worcester, Milford, and elsewhere, in behalf of the enfranchisement of women. Petitions addressed to the Legislature, now in session, have been put in circulation. The pioneer State in behalf of education, the abolition of slavery, and in all good works, we shall rejoice if Massachusetts leads the way in extending the ballot to the now disfranchised majority of her citizens, the women of the Commonwealth.

Later in the session, it is expected that Mrs. Stone and others will address a committee of the Legislature, and urge the claims of woman to the ballot and for impartial legislation.

We take the following from the Worcester (Mass.) *Spy*:

"Lucy Stone addressed our citizens Tuesday p.m. at Washburn Hall, on the subject of female suffrage, a cause which she espoused when to do so was to invite slander, obloquy and contempt; and, now that it has become a recognized issue and entitled to candid consideration, she still pleads, or rather demands the admission of woman to the ballot. She is a calm, earnest speaker, wholly at home on the platform, and can but command the respect even of those who do not sympathize with her work.

"Her address was remarkably clear, strong and convincing, if any need to be convinced of the truth of her broad preposition, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. She insisted on the absolute right of woman to the ballot, and enforced her arguments with ample illustrations of the disabilities which unequal laws have laid upon her even in Massachusetts. The ballot, and the ballot alone is her relief and protection, and she urged that now, while the nation is granting suffrage to a heretofore disfranchised race, the other and larger class, of disfranchised women, be also invested with their natural rights. Her arguments were unanswerable, and the audience listened with close attention while, for nearly two hours, she followed point by point the cavilings and objections urged against her cause, frequently testifying their approval by applause."

WE invite the attention of our readers to Mr. WM. P. TOMLINSON'S card in another column, announcing a new Publishing and Book-Furnishing Agency.

Mr. Tomlinson is himself the author of two books, the first entitled "Kansas in 1858," issued by Messrs. Dayton & Co. of this city; the second, a volume of poems entitled "Poems of Home and Abroad," published in 1866, by Messrs. Hilton & Co. of New York. He has also at different periods been a correspondent of, and a contributor to the *Tribune*, *Evening Post*, THE STANDARD, and sundry other journals. He was the *Evening Post's* foreign correspondent during an extended European tour. He is at the present time an industrious writer. While his purpose is to continue actively the use of his own pen, he has matured arrangements by which he will have excellent facilities also for publishing for others. His experience and familiarity with book-making, good business talent, and his well known uprightness of character, are a sufficient assurance that his Agency will be a valuable medium of communication between authors and the reading public. It is his purpose, we understand, to offer special inducements, and better facilities than exist at present in this city, or elsewhere, to competent writers who treat radically and thoroughly the great problems of freedom and equality for men and women, irrespective of color or race, of temperance, education, and social progress. His arrangements include also the furnishing, to order, the works of other publishers at their usual rates.

In this new and commendable enterprise we bespeak for him the hearty co-operation of our friends, and we hope he may achieve a large measure of usefulness and success.

PERSONAL.

Sallie Holley will lecture on Sunday, the 16th inst., in Salisbury, Con.

Anna Dickinson, we are glad to notice, has been greeted with great enthusiasm in filling her recent lecturing engagements through the West.

Joshua Hutchinson, of the Hutchinson Family, will sing, the 15th inst., at Carversville; on the 17th inst., at Lumberville; on the 18th inst. at Solebury, Pa.

Miss Vinnie Ream is engaged at Washington upon an allegorical group, composed of four female figures, representing the North, the South, the East, and the West gathered around the American flag.

Zion's Standard of this city contains the following notice of the Misses Highgate, formerly of Syracuse, N. Y., now very successful teachers in Mississippi:

"We learn that Miss Lilly Highgate, has a thriving school at Canton, Miss., and also that Miss Carrie Highgate has a fine school at Brandon, Miss.

"These ladies astonished the Mississippians recently by their musical talent, and to put their ability to the test, some of the reconstructed, ladies, provided themselves with the most difficult pieces of music and, at an exhibition recently given by the school under the supervision of one of the ladies they sent their music up to the stage with the request that they would play them; all the pieces were readily played by both ladies, and since that time, the Misses Highgate, have been looked upon as the *Ninth Wonder*."

Mr. Phillips gave an address in Music Hall, Boston, on Friday, the 7th inst., in aid of disabled soldiers. A friend, writing from Boston, says:

"I have no words wherewith to express my sense of the beauty, eloquence, and pathos of Mr. Phillips's appeal. Whether as illustrative of the versatility of an orator of whom it is so often said, 'he has no sympathies except for the negro,' or as setting forth, with matchless force, the political dangers of the hour, and the pressure of our social obligations, whether for the loftiness of its aspirations and range, or the breadth of its philanthropy, I know not that our friend has ever surpassed that address.

"Mr. Phillips began by quoting a saying of Shakspeare, that 'speech should never follow music.' But why not, if the speech as in this case is music? Why not, if that speech, as in this instance, strikes a chord of our inmost, practical sympathies."

The Rev. E. R. Bower, Professor in the Lincoln University, Oxford, Pa., in a letter to a friend, says:

"You are no doubt anxious to know something about the capacity and deportment of the students. Of course I do not think the African superior to the Anglo Saxon; but this I must say, that I find no difference in their ability to acquire knowledge. I am now hearing a class recite in the Anabasis, who commenced Greek about a year ago, and they recite as well as any class I ever heard. And so with all their studies. Their deep earnestness enables them to accomplish wonders sometimes.—Last Wednesday one of the literary societies celebrated its anniversary, with essays and orations, in the University Chapel, and the performances were just as good, both in manner and matter, as those you generally hear from college students. One of them by the name of Grimke, who came here two years ago, just out of slavery, was thrillingly, powerfully impressive.

"The University is very full, and did we have accomodations, we might have double the number. We have added three more to the Faculty since I came here (last Fall), so that we now have six professors and two tutors."

Mr. Phillips lectured upon "The Times" in Worcester, Mass., to a very large audience on Friday evening last. The Worcester *Spy* gives a full synopsis of the lecture, and notices it as follows:

"The closing lecture in the 'Grand Army' course was given last Friday evening by Wendell Phillips, and was attended by one of the largest audiences of the season. The subject was 'The Times—the National Situation,' and gave the speaker abundant opportunity for a full display of his genius in argument, and in the apt 'putting of facts,' and his strong enunciation of the principles of liberty and justice and his denunciation of half way measures and uncertain and non-committal men were listened to with close attention, and received with frequent applause. Probably a large proportion of the audience would hesitate to accept all Mr. Phillips's conclusions, or to endorse all his opinions of public men, but his ability and masterly eloquence command respect and attention, in the light of the fact that his most extreme opinions in the past have come to be established verities, accepted by the nation as the foundation of national life; even those who dissent widely from him accord him a candid hearing, and are for the time being convinced by the closeness of his logic and the power of his oratory."

Frederick Douglass was entertained at a complimentary dinner, given by his friends in Detroit, Mich., on Sunday last. In a brief speech Mr. Douglass said:

"Ten years ago nobody cared what a colored man thought or said. Now, it is asked what do the colored people think? how do they feel? what do they mean to do? These questions are for them to answer; they must show themselves worthy of the freedom which has been given to them. They must show themselves capable of being men among men. They must acquire property, show themselves capable of carrying on business, of mastering the professions. They must demonstrate their capabilities, and men cannot then withhold from them the respect which they will have shown to be their due. But if, *within the next fifteen years*, they have not fully demonstrated this, *they will be unworthy of their freedom.*"

The following significant toasts were drunk:

"*The Press*—May the government of the United States, like the press, exhibit in the future, an intelligent union of 'black and white.'"

"*Reconstruction*—May the Congress of the United States never recede a step from they position they have taken, but go forward till they secure for every man, North and South, the rights and privileges of citizens."

Sallie Holley lectured in Concord, N. H., on the 2d inst. The Concord *Daily Monitor* contains the following notice of the lecture:

"It was our good fortune to be present at the Universalist Church, last Sunday afternoon, and hear Miss Holley, of New York, deliver one of her rousing appeals in behalf of the African. She merely undertook to represent the New England Anti-Slavery Society, and press its claims upon our citizens, but the lecture was one that we wish could be delivered at this time in every town in the State. In an earnest, fervid, simple manner, marked at every sentence by sincerity and humane sympathy, she portrayed the past and present condition of the black man, and pointed out the solemn duty resting upon us to continue the good fight, begun at Harper's Ferry by glorious old John Brown—although in a more Constitutional manner—until the African is virtually as well as nominally free. We do not believe that one-half of the Republicans of the North fully realize the true mission of the party, and we also believe that if every voter could hear Miss Holley as we heard her, the flagging zeal of *some* of the party would be so stimulated, and the truth from her eloquent lips would so penetrate the seared consciences of our Democratic friends that New Hampshire would array itself upon the side of freedom by an overwhelming majority. No campaign speech, nor all the cap,

paign speeches of this canvass, will so thoroughly penetrate the hearts of men as would the plain unvarnished story of "Afric's wrongs," as told by this sympathethic, whole-souled, Christian woman. We hope some movement may be made toward securing the valuable assistance of Miss Holley during the remainder of this canvass."

LETTER FROM MISS HOLLEY.

CONCORD, N. H., February 4, 1868.

DEAR MR. POWELL: An Anti-Slavery worker meets some strange lingerings of the old theological absurdity of "imputed righteousness." Before the war, whenever I asserted a *slaveholder* could not be a *Christian*, people would spring up to say Washington was a slaveholder. You don't mean to say Washington was n't a Christian! So they made Washington's love of country screen his blindness to the Golden Rule, and covered up all slaveholders with the mantle of George Washington's example.

Now-a-days it is the fashion of cold, cowardly, conservative Unitarian ministers to hide their own unfaithfulness to the cause of justice to the negro, behind the ong record of Samuel J. May. If I ask one to take THE STANDARD, he pleads he takes so many other papers, he hasn't time to read it; and when urged if it isn't his duty to the foremost cause of practical truth in America to interest himself and people, and, as a Unitarian minister, who ought to be especially active, and not indifferent to this great, Christ-like work? At this point his face lightens up with a benignant memory, and he says: "But there is Samuel J. May! He is a Unitarian minister and an excellent Abolitionist!" As if Mr. May's goodness was to be available to the whole body of Unitarian ministers, who ought to have leavened the North with their own virtue instead of claiming exemption and credit through Mr. May's merits. SALLIE HOLLEY.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 11, 1868.

LAST week's letter was written immediately upon the reading of the Johnson-Grant correspondence in the House of Representatives. As it fell from the Clerk's lips, the impression was much more favorable to Grant than an after perusal warrants. With the utmost desire to find in the two letters he addressed to the President a full vindication of his reticence and of sundry acts done, I am constrained to declare that the more the letters are read the more I feel that they do not accomplish this. To-day Johnson sent in a rejoinder to Grant's last. Its frankness is astonishing, at the same time its dissection of the contradictions in Grant's course are well shown. There is a palpable discrepancy between the statements made in the first and second letters of the General. The first contains an acknowledgment that he believed it might be legal to hold the War Department against Stanton and thus to compel the latter to appeal to the court for a mandamus. The second denies *in toto* that he ever held any such opinion, and declares that, on the contrary, he took the Secretaryship to prevent mischief and thwart the President, and that he went out of it in the way he did for the same purpose. Mr. Johnson very adroitly reminds him of the deceit thus confessed. Of course, if such deceit were done, those who desire the nation's success are not indisposed to reap the benefits derived therefrom, though they cannot avoid a feeling of uneasiness towards the man by whom it was accomplished.

The summing-up of the whole matter is, in the mind of most candid men, that the President is infamous, and boldly so, and that he made propositions looking to the involving of Gen Grant in the same infamy. The latter appears not to have known at first how infamous their character was, and to have yielded a quasi or implied consent to them, which, if he had been a man of clear sense and positive convictions, he never would have done.

Mr. Johnson's testimony consists of his Secretaries, Seward, McCulloch, Wells, Randall and Browning. The Treasury and Navy content themselves with a general statement that they believe the President's recollection of the disputed conversation to be correct. Their testimony is of little value. Alexander Randall's is more definite, but smacks of over zeal. The reply of Browning is the most direct, and as to the question of veracity between Grant and Johnson is the most damaging to the former. It is circumstantial, clear and minute. Browning took notes at the time, he acting as secretary of the council. The report in the *World* was prepared from those notes. Seward's statements are a mixture of Pickwick and the "Artful Dodger." When concluded, it reminded one of the old showman's saying, "You pays yer money, yer knows, and yer takes your choice, my covey." You can get both affirmation and denial out of the Secretary of State's evidence.

On the whole the correspondence has not helped Gen. Grant's position before the country, while it materially weakens Johnson, in so far as showing a certain class of "Damphool" school persons, that there is no safety whatever to the Republic while he is in the Executive chair. It is announced that Grant replies, and that this letter will see the light to-morrow.

About impeachment not much is to be said. A dispatch in yesterday's *Sun* of your city most clearly stated the position of the subject. The Reconstruction Committee think a clear case of conspiracy against the law, under the act of June, 1861, can be made out against the President. If the investigation now being concluded by Messers Bingham and Boutwell strengthens the case as it stands, and there is a certainty of its being carried before the House, as appears to be the case, articles of impeachment will be presented. *Johnson will be impeached before the present controversy closes.* So much seems certain. The faithful men lying still, and leting the hitherto uncertain ones rally to the poing tenor-call of Bingham and the other Grant blowers.

Look at the course pursued on this whole question. For two years Andrew Johnson has been engaged in an open, flagrant, and undeniable opposition to the execution of certain laws, or in the exercise of powers of a usurpatory character. Yet when it was proposed on the one side to meet this with the only legal and effective remedy to be found in our system—impeachment and removal—it is scouted at. A course of legislation is adopted to hedge in the Executive, full of the most dangerous and doubtful principles, and establishing that like Mother Carey's chickens and curses, they will be sure "to come home to roost," to our confusion. When impeachment is talked of, it is not met and opposed on any ground of injustice. It is opposed by Republicans from motives compounded of treachery and cowardice. Mr. Bingham, fugling for Grant, says it is a stab at that chieftain, and its success will not allow him leadership. Blane, acting for the "dyspeptic Scotch terrier," Fessenden's interest, fights furiously and acknowledges in conversation that he would rather have Andrew Johnson than Ben Wade in the White House. The friends of Judge Chase, and even the Chief Justice himself, it is whispered, went energetically to work to defeat the great movement, avowedly as the Chief Justice is understood to have declared, "because its success would seriously complicate the Presidential issue," meaning, of course, that it might help Senator Wade on the way to that high position. Now, however, having killed off that gentleman, the best of them all, they are ready to accept what they scorned then. It is, of course, due to them to say that there is, perhaps, a danger more immediate, at any rate more visible to dull eyes, than was then apparent.

The Radicals are thankful though for the eleventh hour aid, yet when we learn that Bingham, Spaulding, Banks, Blaine, Wilson, Woodbridge, and their associates in evasion, favor the application of the protective principle of impeachment, one is inclined to remark, "and Satan came also." Let it only be borne in mind when the solemn act shall have been performed, that the hinderers were not those who carried it through. The patient fidelity of the Radicals, combined with the malignity of Andrew Johnson, will be chief elements of its success.

We have lost Alabama, as the gentleman who in the United States Senate inserted the clause of the reconstruction act requiring that a majority of the registered voters should be required to make legal ratification, fully expected and desired would be the case. We could have carried it if the Senate Judiciary Committee had reported the bill repealing that clause which passed the House of Representatives on the 18th of December last, nearly two months since. Henry Wilson got a few letters from some United States assessors or collectors who never did take an interest in the Republican movement in the South, declaring the change a bad thing. He preferred to listen to these few in place of hearkening to the great body of appealing voices which came from the South. Trumbull has had some Constitutional maggot in his brain which he vainly strives to get out, and as this bill did not serve his purpose, of course its defeat was sure.

So we go—Alabama is lost—the result of combined cowardice and treachery. ASMODEMUS.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, February 3d, 1868.

WHAT the plague did the man mean?

He called to me as we were about to pass each other yesterday, he going home from church, I going home from meeting, and said that he had just heard something in the sermon which seemed to him significant and important. The clergyman had said that about three years ago the poor people had all gone away from the rich churches. "What do you say to that?" said he with a severe tone and look, as if he considered me an accomplice before the fact.

I could not in the least imagine what he was driving at, but answered, if the statement is correct, it seems to me that it does not speak very well for the rich churches.

With still more severity of manner he continued—"What does it say of the Democracy, who are all the time declaiming against class distinctions?"

And with a nod, which looked as significant as Lord Burleigh's, he passed on.

Crazy?—oh no, not in the least. He spoke to me because we had formerly slightly known each other as fellow students. Like enough he knew me to be one of those who feel no particular honor or reverence for rich churches.

Precisely what his admonition, or warning, or rebuke, was intended to imply, I have not the slightest idea; but it occurs to me that possibly the minister of the rich and fashionable church he attends may have had his attention called to the existence of such a class as "the poor," by various movements lately made in regard to them, and may have thought it needful to make some complaint of that very troublesome class of people.

I mentioned to you, I think, the admirable Election Sermon of James Freeman Clarke, which suggested the need of better instruction and more effective moral influences for prisoners in our jails, to the end that they may come out better than they went in, and be induced to cease from lives of lawlessness and vagrancy. This idea has lately been followed up by two meetings of the Suffolk Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches, at which was discussed not only the subject above-mentioned, but the duty of the church to the poor generally. At one of these meetings an excellent letter from Dr. Howe was read, making some suggestions resulting from his large acquaintance with the subject of prison discipline. Imprisonment, he said, implies two parties, offended society and its offending member; all the arrangements, and the whole spirit of the discipline, must be in view of the rights of these two parties; they should carry out the sentence of the law without abatement, but they should not be allowed to infringe any unforfeited right of the convict.

The Boston Social Science Association, at its last meeting, had a very interesting discussion on the best methods of giving assistance and relief to the poor, especially in times like the present, when great distress exists in the large cities North, from the failure of work, as well as in both city and country throughout the South, for that and other reasons. By special request, Rev. Dr. Nathans, Rabbi of a Jewish Synagogue here, gave an explanation of the methods used among the Jews of London for the help of their own poor. It is to the credit of the people of this faith that, like the Quakers, they have no paupers. They have committees of examination, before whom every case of distress or necessity comes, and whose purpose and practice are not to save all they can for the fund intrusted to them, but to make the help given thorough and efficient, assisting the applicant over the present difficulty, and putting him in circumstances to go on providing for himself. The immediate outlay is greater than ours in such cases; but the success is *far* greater than ours, and as the persons relieved are not to be left paupers, nor driven by want to prey upon society, the ultimate expense is far less than what we pay for the combined operations of charitable society, poor-house, court-house and jail. A very interesting discussion followed this paper, and a more detailed communication is expected from Dr. Nathans at the next meeting.

At some previous meetings of the Boston Social Science Association, the subject of Recreation had been discussed with particular reference to the necessities of the poorer classes, who, in the absence of other cheap gratifications suited to their tastes and within their means, are strongly assailed by the temptations of the dram-shop.

The chairman of the meeting, Josiah Quincy, Jr., made some preliminary remarks on the peculiarly practical character of the Yankees. Even their sports and games were forms of work, often very hard work. Our ancestors never felt like spending time upon *mere* play, and so contrived to give a character of social festivity to those labors which required the co-operation of many hands. Such, in old times, were the "raising," the "husking," the "quilting." These were the chief recreations of his early days. But the two principal amusements now popular among our young men, baseball and rowing, seem still more thorough specimens of hard work, and are therefore unsuited to those whose days are already occupied with labor, and whose recreation should include bodily rest.

An essay was then read by Rev. J. L. Hatch, of Mansfield, taking up the subject of Recreations in general, and suggesting as particularly desirable that some part of Sunday should be generally used for that purpose.

Recreation, Mr. Hatch thought, is too much neglected by our New England people. The majority of them work, and are obliged to work, from morning to night six days in the week. People in this condition, prevented by circumstances from taking their recreation in the best way, that is, having a due proportion of it daily, should restore the balance, as far as may be, by devoting Sunday afternoons and evenings to this purpose. Our regular holidays are only four in number through the year, and more intermission from hard work is needful, alike for bodily, mental and spiritual health.

Many errors prevail on this subject, which might be dispelled by a candid examination of it. Some think, for instance, that the assignment of Sunday afternoon and evening to quiet amusements would be inconsistent with a morning attendance on religious worship and instruction. The contrary is proved by the general practice of both Catholics and Protestants on the continent of Europe, as well as by our own "Thanksgiving day," in which religious observances and joyous festivities equally take part, neither interfering with the other.

Mr. Hatch quoted Nehemiah to show the error of those who, supposing our Sunday to be a continuation of the Jewish Sabbath, assumed that the due observance of that Sabbath among the old Hebrews required a serious and solemn demeanor. It was a day of social rejoicing as well as of bodily rest. On one occasion it is mentioned that, after reading the "book of the law" to the people, Nehemiah said to them—"Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared; *for* this day is holy unto our Lord." And the result of this instruction is stated immediately after—"And all the people went their way to eat, and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth, *because they had understood* the words that were declared unto them."

Large numbers of our people, Mr. Hatch said, already understand that the Bible gives no injunctions respecting special employments for Sunday, and makes no objection to recreation on that day. Episcopalians and Unitarians are already favorably inclined to Sunday recreations, and the true view of religion is seen by more and more persons to be not averse to them. Sunday is not now a gloomy and funereal day, as formerly; there is a better understanding of the Bible in regard to it; but many persons are yet held in error upon this subject; and the best way of drawing attention to it, and of forwarding that discussion which will throw light upon it, is for those who understand Christian liberty to use openly and freely the right of healthful and salutary recreation on Sundays as on other days.

After the reading of the paper, the subject was taken up for debate by the Rev. Mr. Angier of Malden, who attempted no reply to the Scriptural ground taken by Mr. Hatch, but worked himself into an extraordinary state of vehemence in denouncing the recreations, generally, of the present day. There was, he said, a great deal of humbug about them. Take, for instance, dancing. He had never known the manners or morals of any one improved by dancing. He did not believe that the dancing of David was founded on the rules of a dancing-master. He thought our young people were getting insane on this question; and as to the mothers who took their daughters to fashionable dancing-schools, he thought they would do better to attend to the minds and souls of their children. As to recreation, the recreations of the good old times were good enough for *him*, and he religiously believed they would be better than the present ones for the present generation. In those days, after service on Sunday afternoon, the children of each family were called together to answer the questions in the Westminster Assembly's catechism; and after that there was a singing of psalms and hymns. That was their recreation, and it was good enough, and he wished there was more like it now. As to base-ball and regattas, they were not only a humbug, but an intolerable nuisance, which ought to be got rid of as soon as possible.

Rev. Charles F. Barnard then took the field in defence of dancing. His experience and observation of it had led him to conclusions very different from those of his Reverend brother. He was purer and better for having learned to dance, and for the society into which that instruction had brought him. He thought social, domestic festivity a great preserver of good morals. We want a sense of religion mingled with our enjoyments. Instead of forbidding dancing, card-playing, novel-reading, theatre-going, people should regulate those amusements for their children, and share the indulgence with them, avoiding by all means such austerity as would drive them to seek recreation away from the family circle.

Mr. Quincy agreed with Mr. Barnard that there were uses, and with Mr. Angier that there were abuses, in dancing as now practiced. We read in Scripture that there is a time to dance; he believed that that time was before 12 o'clock, and that if that limit were adhered to, dancing might be not only an innocent but a salutary amusement.

Rev. John Parkman remarked that the notion heretofore prevailing about Sabbatical observance was a part of the Puritan theology, and was not shared even by orthodox people on the continent of Europe. Many people of this faith here are beginning to find that they must cultivate recreations at home for the preservation of their children.

Mr. Otis Clapp said that the church accommodations in Boston were not sufficient for half the people, and yet that these seats were not half filled. There must therefore be Sunday recreations, and our duty as good citizens is to shape these recreations into the best form. Our religious teachers, as well as intelligent men of other classes, should apply themselves to the work of meeting these wants. Due provision for the healthful recreation of those who had not time and money to arrange those matters for themselves is both a civil duty and a Christian duty. The question to which all should apply themselves is—How can we have due recreation as free as possible from abuses and evils?

Mr. Quincy echoed these suggestions. He said that the newsboys and shoe-black boys spent their money at the theatre; that since amusements of this sort always attract the young and ignorant, provision should be made of entertainments that would amuse without corrupting them; and that if proper attention were paid to the subject, popular amusements might instruct and elevate those who resorted to them.

The subject proved so interesting that it was continued at a subsequent meeting, which was opened by Mr. George B. Emerson, President of the Association. He said:

The Puritans were too stern, too rigid, in this matter. They inculcated "All work and no play," regardless of what the proverb tells us is the necessary consequence. It is better to make children as happy as they can be, and to this end their elders ought to use recreation more, at home and abroad. The power of the the theatre is boundless; but why not improve it? The best people in the community should interest themselves to regulate the theatre, so that each performance should at least be innocent in character.

An excellent paper on the necessity and advantage of amusements was then read by Mr. Sawyer. He thought that every one needed something to keep him busy in the intervals of the bread-earning occupation. Living men do not need absolute rest, but only change of employment. It would be an immense public benefit to have reading-rooms, libraries, museums, galleries of art and science, menageries, botanical gardens, always open and ready to give instruction combined with amusement. Every ward of a city should have some accommodation of this sort. Our public library is not lighted in the evening, except in one corner. It would be thought too expensive. But the billiard-rooms, the cigar-shops, the oyster-saloons, the liquor-stores, are brilliantly lighted, suggestive of warmth, comfort, enjoyment. We must outbid these dangerous places. We must provide legitimate amusements suited to attract the roving population of the street, and show them the possibility of an evening's enjoyment without either vice or vulgarity.

Mr. Sawyer illustrated his ideas on this subject in a very convincing manner, and the discussion, which followed, generally presenting similar views, was continued to a late hour. The next point is, will any one move towards the realization of these fine ideas?

NORTH.

IMPEACHMENT—GEN. GRANT.

LETTER FROM COL. C. E. MOSS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 5, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

AT last Grant has spoken. On one subject we know his position. He is pledged to enforce the reconstruction policy of Congress, any direction or order of President Johnson to the contrary notwithstanding. Thus much the nation can now rely upon; and Republican members of Congress will hereafter find it a dangerous business to further trifle with the dearest interest of the nation. With the army surely on the side of Congress, there is no further excuse for a refusal to remove the corrupt occupant of the White House. Republican members must therefore make up their minds to set about the work of reconstructing the Executive Department, or be prepared to meet with defeat at the hands of a loyal constituency next Autumn.

The correspondence between Gen. Grant and President Johnson, read in the House yesterday, has had a good effect upon the nation. While it does not place him unequivocally on the most advanced ground of Radicalism, it does place him in a position where he can expect no support from any source save the loyal, bold, outspoken Radicals of the nation. From this time out he is in the keeping of the ultra negro suffrage Radicals, and will go to the wall unless he acts in good faith with them. That much the General now understands, and will in a short time come out openly and unequivocally in favor of universal suffrage, and conferring equal civil, political, and legal rights upon all men, regardless of color, and that too in Ohio and Pennsylvania as well as South Carolina. Surely the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD is accomplishing a great work in the nation.

I do not desire to be understood as endorsing Grant as a Presidential candidate. I cannot do that until he is nominated on a Radical platform. Still I cannot but record the daily evidence of an advancing position on the part of Gen. Grant and the moderate Republicans. Radicalism, according to the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD interpretation of Radicalism, is sure to be the ruling idea of the next Administration, whether Grant or some one else is elected President. That much is now conceded on all sides. We have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the success of our labors in that direction up to the present time.

The correspondence was referred to the Reconstruction Committee, who will report articles of impeachment against the President in a short time. It is understood that they are already drawn up by the venerable Thad. Stevens, and will receive the sanction and endorsement of the Committee. The action of President Johnson is claimed by Mr. Wilson and others to be a high crime and misdemeanor under Wilson's idea of that term laid down in his report. It is stated that the articles of impeachment will be short and based upon record evidence that will not require over three weeks to dispose of. We may look for stirring events between this and the first of April next. The issue is now being made with the President, and the trial will end in his removal from office, if Congress acts with common sense and an ordinary degree of regard for the wishes of the people. CHARLES E. MOSS.

LITERARY.

The Northern Monthly for February, somewhat delayed, is on our table. For so youthful a magazine it presents a highly creditable appearance, and in quality of contents may challenge comparison with some of the older monthlies. Mrs. Prescott Spofford's powerful story, "The Thief in the Night," is continued, gaining in interest as it advances; the paper on "The Metropolitan Pulpit," treating of the ritualistic and non-ritualistic parties in the Catholic Church, is, in the main, a fair criticism, and evidently the production of an able writer; Cortlandt Parker contributes a closing article on Gen. Phil. Kearney, in which he does full justice to the fame of a gallant soldier; Robert Dale Owen writes readably of "Naples and Vesuvius;" "Un Bas Bleu" is a decidedly clever story of a girl fertile in expedients; and other interesting articles, together with a varied editorial department, make up the number. Were we disposed to criticise, we would gently hint that the cover is scarcely in keeping with the general neatness of the number, also that the advertisements in front of the book detract from its dignity; but these are minor defects, and we cordially welcome the *Northern Monthly* to our table.

RECEIVED.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS. By J. L. Motley. Vol. IV. Cloth, 632 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

BROWNLOWS. By Mrs. Oliphant. Paper, 178 pp. New York: Harper & Brother.

IRELAND FOR THE IRISH. RHYMES AND REASONS AGAINST LANDLORDISM. By Wm J. Linton. New York: The American News Company.

Demorest's Monthly for March. New York: W Jennings Demorest, 473 Broadway.

Friend's Review, No. 24, Vol XXI. Philadelphia.

Littell's Living Age. No. 1236. Boston: Littell & Gay.

Every Saturday. No. 110. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Harper's Bazar. A Ladies' Illustrated Weekly of Fashion. No. 16. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Radical for February. Boston: Adams & Co.

ART.

"THE CROWN OF NEW ENGLAND."—Mr. GEORGE L. BROWN, although a Boston boy, enjoys a higher reputation abroad than at home. In Rome, Florence, and in England he is regarded as one of the greatest painters of the day, uniting two qualities that are rarely combined: a fidelity in detail which characterizes the pre-Raphaelite school, while at the same time he sees Nature as an anatomist, whether of the brush or the lancet, can never see it—radiant, glowing, luminous; full of soul as well as form; poetic as well as realistic. His pictures at first convey the idea of too much color, but as their effects are studied they please more and more—pleasing as poetry or fine music pleases, rather than as prose more or less finished simply satisfies. When, on a recent occasion, Mr. Longfellow heard it objected to Mr. Brown's canvas that "there was too much color in it," he formed the acquaintance of the painter and told him of the objection, but added, "Don't give up one particle of your color; there is none too much; people think that there is only because *they* can not see it. Don't allow anybody to talk you out of your natural bent for color." Bruloff, the great Russian painter, late the President of the St. Petersburg Academy; in 1852, after inspecting Mr. Brown's paintings of Italian scenery, said that if he would go to nature and carry out his own perceptions and refuse to listen to critics, he would excel any living artist as a colorist.

Longfellow's remark recalls the familiar reply of Turner, who said to a lady who remarked she never saw nature so gorgeous—"Don't you wish you could, Madam?"

Mr. Brown's nature is essentially tropical in its love for the brilliant hues of nature. He can paint moonlight and Winter scenes well, but it is only autumn under a Southern or New England sky that calls forth all his genius. It is because our atmospheres and skies are so often leaden that one regards a brilliant picture as over-bright; but whoever has lived in Italy or Florida, in Sicily or Cuba, knows that Mr. Brown's skies and atmospheres are not too luminous or too highly illuminated; and whoever has seen Mount Washington as Mr. Brown has portrayed it, must recognize the dazzling truth of his splendid painting now on exhibition at Child & Co.'s Gallery.

The first snows have whitened the tops of the three giants—Washington, Adams and Jefferson, while in the valleys beneath, the frost has transfigured the luxuriant vegetation, and the New England woods are seen in all their unequalled brilliancy and variety of hues.

The moment chosen by the artist is the earliest sunburst of a late October morning. The rays have not yet reached the distant valleys—but the Eastern mountain side is bathed in the ruddy and glowing light. It is wonderful to see how the artist managed to carry the local color of the red trees and grey rocks into the shadows until the shadows merge into utter darkness—one of the most difficult achievements of landscape painting. It is admirably done.

Mr. Brown's absolute fidelity is shown in comparing the color of his New England and his Italian rocks. Our rocks are rendered in their native grey tones; those of Italy, being charged with iron, are brown and red. We have heard it objected to Mr. Brown's Italian scenes that the rocks were not natural because they were not grey, whereas, they are true because they are unlike the Italian ledges.

But perhaps the most wonderful effects that have been achieved in these paintings are the shadows and mists and vapors on the mountain sides. These envelop it with a hazy dreamy character which is in admirable contrast to the gloom of the ravines, the brilliancy of the foliage and the glow of the sunburst.

Noticeable, also, is the color of the water, which is not the traditional blue and grey, but is variegated by the various tints reflected into it from the hill-tops, the foliage, and the time of day.

We advise our New England readers to examine this great painting, which does equal honor to the artist and to Boston. J. R.

We are requested to add to the notice of Dr. Rimmer in our "Art Items" of last week, that his *Gladiator* and *Osiris* are to be seen at the Cooper Institute between the hours of ten and twelve every Saturday. We are also allowed to say that he has been engaged by some gentlemen in Italy to undertake a nude figure, heroic size, of a *Chaldean Shepherd*, to be cut in marble and exhibited in Florence.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard

FOR 1868.

Chattelism has been abolished, but equal freedom for the colored race has not yet been secured. The old controversy has not been definitely ended. It has again passed from the bloody arena of the battle-field to the sphere of politics and diplomacy. The last elections present a fearful record of unrelenting prejudice against the colored race. They have revived the forlorn hopes, and renewed the desperate energies of the discomfited rebels at the South. We had fondly hoped that we were well nigh at the end of the struggle for equal freedom, irrespective of color, but through treachery, and the want of enlightened, conscientious statesmanship we are involved in a conflict of still momentous importance. Many politicians who, during the war, were willing to accept the services and to advocate the enfranchisement of colored men, now as the temptations of the presidential year approach, disgracefully surrender and abandon their cause. So too the popular churches and clergy are relaxing their interest for, and diminishing their co-operation with the freedmen, and excusing themselves on the score of disinclination for "political preaching," they ally themselves as formerly with "Conservatism" and the dominant spirit of prejudice against race.

Under these circumstances it is of the greatest importance to have a thoroughly Radical, independent journal, which, like THE STANDARD, may speak freely and fearlessly for justice and impartial freedom, with nothing to gain or lose by party triumphs or losses. During the past year our circulation has steadily increased with each month. Frequent calls for the paper come to us of late from the South. THE STANDARD now goes regularly each week to Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, Richmond and at other points in the South. We have arrangements in progress for its general introduction to the notice of the leading colored men and white Radicals throughout the South the present year. The importance of an intelligent alliance between uncompromising Radicals at the North and their coadjutors at the South can scarcely be over-estimated in the present condition of national affairs.

WENDELL PHILLIPS will continue as the past year an editorial writer for the columns of THE STANDARD. It will also be the medium through which his lectures and addresses, as revised by himself, will be given to the public. Other able writers will contribute regularly to its columns. We shall continue to present a department of choice literary miscellany, and while chiefly devoted to the consideration of the freedom and well-being of the colored race, our columns will, as hitherto, hospitably entertain the claims of movements of a kindred end and aim, as the rights of women, temperance, education, etc.

The period through which we are now passing is one of the most critical thus far in our national experience. Though the late reverses in the elections may dishearten those whose dependence is upon the Republican party, it should be borne in mind that it has been, and still is, the high prerogative of Abolitionists to create the opinion which makes and unmakes parties in the service of freedom.

We appeal earnestly and confidently therefore to all friends to unite heartily with us in an effort to extend the circulation of THE STANDARD as the emergency of the cause it represents demands.

PREMIUMS.

We offer our friends what we are sure will be esteemed very liberal and welcome compensation for their efforts to add to our subscription list, namely: to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6) we will send either of the following very desirable books:

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THE STANDARD will hereafter be delivered to our subscribers in this city by the carriers of the Post office Department. Should any irregularity occur in its delivery from imperfect addresses, or from any other cause, we hope to be promptly advised. To provide for the necessary prepayment of postage the subscription price will, from this date, be three dollars and fifty cents a year to subscribers within the city limits.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE on Fifth street is closed. Persons who have business with the State Society, who wish to pay their subscription for THE STANDARD, or who wish to subscribe for the paper, will please call on the undersigned, who has consented to act as General Agent for a time. E. M. DAVIS,
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Miscellaneous Department.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was fringed deep with pearl.

From sheds, new roofed with Carrara,
Came chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little head-stone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told her of the good All-father
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

AN ARTIST'S FREAK.

AN ANECDOTE IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT MUSICIAN.

About the close of the month of September, in the year 1832, all the artistic world of Paris was shocked by a most distressing report. From mouth to mouth, and from house to house, the ill-tidings travelled, and nowhere were they related but with the profoundest regret. A morning paper announced that Nicolo Paganini, the finest violinist the world had ever seen, had been taken suddenly and seriously ill at the conclusion of one of the concerts of which he was the brilliant star and sole attraction. Both amateurs and artists at first were ill-inclined to put much faith in the paragraph, consoling themselves with the reflection, that with great men such reports are frequently exaggerated, and sometimes entirely erroneous. Unfortunately the report was only too true. Paganini had been "burning the candle at both ends." An intermittent fever, such as often attacks overworked men with slender constitutions, had got the great artist in its grasp, and gave occasion for serious uneasiness on the part of his medical attendants. Paganini, whose emaciated condition was proverbial, only seemed to live by mere accident, and now there was some anxiety lest his frail and nervous frame should give way under the fierce attack of fever.

The doctors put their heads together, and unanimously prescribed perfect rest and a wholesome and strengthening diet.

On the following day to that on which the newspaper paragraph appeared, Paganini was installed as an inmate of a celebrated private hospital in the outskirts of Paris. At the time of which we are speaking this Villa Lutætiana, as the place was called, had a certain reputation for being frequented by patients of distinction. To the principal house of the establishment, which was a roomy and most convenient one, was attached a charming garden looking over a pleasant and well-wooded park.

One of the principal features of the establishment was to give every patient his entire liberty. Each inmate lived there as he liked, dining either in his own apartments or in the large hall. When the evening came those who were fond of conversation or a game of cards betook themselves to the public drawing-room; there was the garden and a romantic avenue for those who wished to get as much fresh air as they could; while, of course, for those who enjoyed perfect quiet and a cosy perusal of the latest romance, no better place could be found than their own private apartments.

Paganini was notably a man who loved shutting himself up, and being of a particularly nervous disposition, was glad to get away to his own room, and to be free from the chattering and buzz of conversation which was of course inseparable from the public saloons.

But this isolation of his was not appreciated by the majority of the guests. They had got a great lion among them, and no doubt wished to make the most of him. The charitable remarks made about the unfortunate fellow behind his back were as amusing as they were contemptible. There were four or five old ladies at the establishment who were particularly noted for picking the poor man's character to pieces.

"Have you seen this great genius, my dears?" one would say. "If you have not, I am sure it is not such a very great loss. He is a perfect bear. He never takes any notice of anybody, or exchanges a syllable with a soul. When he does appear among us he sits in the remotest corner of the room, or away in the most secluded part of the garden, and never fails to creep away if by chance any one approaches him. If these are manners I don't think so very much of them."

"Oh, but don't you know," another would remark, "there's a mysterious story about him? They say that he leads a most melancholy and distressing life. Some love affair, you know, which no one dares allude to."

"Ah, but that has really nothing to do with it," a third, naturally wiser and better informed than the rest, would chime in. "Paganini is a miser. It's an undoubted fact. There is no secret whatever about it. Don't you remember that concert that was given the other day for the poor creatures that were turned out of house and home by the inundations? Well, he refused to have anything to do with it, and they say it was because he makes a rule never to play for charities. Not like the majority of professional people, is it? But after all only look at the man's face. What more could you expect?"

These charming little ebullitions of feminine caprice, based literally upon nothing, were duly committed to memory, and innocently and artlessly conveyed to the ears of Paganini. Who could have been his informant? Well, we shall see that by and by.

Paganini, notwithstanding what he heard, never in the slightest degree altered his mode of living at the Villa Lutætiana. He lived entirely to himself, walked alone among the trees of the avenue and in the park, content with the pleasure of reading and re-reading a packet of old letters, which packet was day by day increased. There was one kind friend at least who did not forget the poor sick man.

With the aid of much sleep, and the benefits of this quiet and regular life, Paganini little by little gained back his health and strength.

It is not correct to assert that his life was quite a lonely one. There was one bright ray of sunshine which lighted the almost dreamy darkness of each day Paganini spent in the Villa. The artist had one friend, and one friend only in the household—Louisette.

"Who was Louisette?" may well be asked. The answer can soon be given. Louisette was a sparkling, pretty little damsel, fair-haired and silver-voiced, whose duty it was to attend to the patients. Paganini's quick eye soon detected her, and he made a special request that Louisette might be his sole attendant. Louisette was devoted to her distinguished master, and Paganini took an extraordinary interest in Louisette. Every morning, when she arranged his breakfast, she amused him with her imitations of the peculiarities of various people in the Villa, and detailed to his intense satisfaction all the ordinary gossip of the place. All the smiles which lighted up Paganini's face during his banishment were flung there by Louisette.

One morning Louisette came in as usual, but all her gaiety was gone. The musician, who was busy carving out a paper knife from a block of ivory, saw at once that something was amiss.

"Why, Louisette, my child, what is the matter? I can see by your red eyes that you have been crying. What has happened?"

"Something dreadful, sir."

"Nothing so dreadful that it can't be got over, I suppose."

"Well, sir, I don't know; I hardly like to——"

Paganini fixed his large black eyes full upon poor Louisette's face.

"Ah," said he, without removing them, "I can guess what is the matter with you. A love affair, I suppose."

Louisette did not answer. She only blushed very deeply, and that was quite sufficient answer for Paganini.

"Come, now, my poor child, tell me all about it. Perhaps I shall be able to do something for you."

Louisette dried her eyes with the end of her little apron.

"Well, Louisette," continued he, "is it the old story? Broken promises, faithless swain, and pretty Louisette in tears—is that it?"

"Poor Henri," sighed Louisette. "Yes, sir, he has left me, but it was not his fault, poor boy."

"How so?"

"Henri has just turned twenty-one, sir, and he was obliged to draw for the conscription. He drew an unlucky number, they have taken him away, and now he is miles and miles from here on guard at Lille, with a musket across his shoulder. This is grief enough for a poor girl, is it not, sir? But what can I do?"

"Can't you get a substitute?"

Poor Louisette smiled sadly.

"You are laughing at a poor girl," said she. "A substitute! How can I afford that?"

"How much would it cost?"

"Oh, ever so much this year, as there is a chance of a war. I could not get any one under fifteen hundred francs."

Paganini took Louisette's hand in his, and pressed it affectionately.

"If that is all, Louisette," said he, "you may dry your tears. I'll get you fifteen hundred francs somehow or other; trust in me, and we will see what can be done."

When he had said this, Paganini made a note on his tablets. This was what he wrote: "Remember to give a concert for Louisette and her lover."

Time slipped away and Winter came.

Towards the end of November, Paganini's doctor said to him, in reply to his question as to when he might go into the world again—

"We must not undo all the good we have done. I can't think of letting you go away from here till the Spring."

"Very well, doctor," said the artist, "I suppose I must obey."

Paganini continued to live the same humdrum sort of existence. He mixed no more than he had ever done with the other inhabitants of the villa, and Louisette's conversation was still his only amusement. His promise to the poor girl in the matter of the fifteen hundred francs was still constantly in his mind, and he determined that the very first moment he could depend upon his strength, he would carry out his project.

"In the course of the Winter I shall be able to manage it," thought he; "about January or February I will get them to advertise a concert."

Time wore on, and Christmas eve came with its kindly glow of charitable thoughts and happy faces. All was much the same at the Villa Lutætiana. Indeed, in some respects, where at such a season of the year there might well have been some improvement, none was at all visible. The old ladies gossiped as much as ever over their coffee in the drawing-room, and were hardly more charitable than when they were first introduced to us.

In France there is a charming custom—not unlike in many respects to a certain old-stocking English theory—most cherished by children, and held in great veneration by all Parisian families. On Christmas eve, an old shoe—or "sabot," as they call those heavy wooden clogs that the peasantry of France delight in—is placed in the chimney-corner when every one retires to bed. The fancy is that when all is hushed and quiet for the night, some good-natured fairy comes tripping down the chimney laden with toys, bon-bons, and other childish delights, which are duly deposited in the wooden shoe, all ready to receive them. There are very few French children who do not wake at daybreak on Christmas morning, and scamper barefooted into the sitting-room, to see what the fairies have sent them.

Over their breakfast on the very Christmas eve to which we are now alluding, those charitable old ladies who were so fond of saying spiteful things about Paganini, discussed with some vehemence the wooden-shoe custom, which was supposed to have been slightly lost sight of. They were evidently hatching some plot; for they chuckled grimly to one another, and were noticed to leave off talking altogether if any one accidentally approached their charmed coterie.

"You are quite sure it is all arranged for this evening?" said one.

"Don't you fear. Keep your countenance, and all will be right," was the answer.

And so the day passed quietly away, and no further allusion was made to the wooden-shoe controversy, the old maid's plot, or Paganini's whims and oddities.

After dinner, in the evening, Paganini was sitting in a quiet corner of the drawing-room that he loved, reading a novel and drinking a cup of coffee. The old maids were at their whist and their scandal. Suddenly was heard a noise, as of voices in dispute, outside the room, which made the old ladies prick up their ears, but which did not appear to have the slightest effect on Paganini.

"What can all this disturbance be about?" asked one of the whist party.

Louisette here made her appearance, and gave an answer.

"Please, ladies," said she, "a porter has brought a large box, and we don't know what to do with it."

"Who is it for?"

"The address is so badly written that none of us can tell."

"Then you had better bring in the box."

Louisette, with the assistance of the porter, proceeded to do so. It was a large wooden box, securely fastened, and on it was written in very large letters, "With great care." Under this direction, but in much smaller letters, were the words, "For M. Nicolo Paganini."

"What made you say that the address was badly written, Louisette?" said a harsh-featured, wizened old lady, a martyr to gout and bad temper. "It is as plain as plain can be. The box is for our illustrious companion."

Paganini still paid no attention to what was going on. He was intently occupied with his book, and did not heed the old ladies and their tittle-tattle.

He started at the sound of Louisette's voice. She came to his side and spoke to him.

"Monsieur Paganini, here is a box for you."

"A box? What box?"

"The box which the porter has just brought in, and which the ladies have been talking about."

"I heard nothing. Let me see what it is."

He swallowed his coffee, and went towards the porter, who was still standing sentinel over the treasure.

"Where did you bring this from?" said Paganini.

"From the bureau, sir. I know nothing about it, except that it is said to have been forwarded from Orleans or Lyons."

"That is very strange," said Paganini; "I don't know any one in either town. Who on earth could have sent it?"

"Well, that does not so very much matter, Monsieur, does it?" said Louisette softly. "The box is directed to you; so I suppose it is yours. You will take it in, will you not?"

"Certainly, Louisette, and we will see what it contains."

Paganini paid the porter and dismissed him.

"Shall I take the box up to your rooms, monsieur?" said Louisette, evidently in a very curious frame of mind.

"No, we will open it here," said Paganini, looking directly towards the whist party, who appeared to be intent on their game, and entirely oblivious of Paganini and his box.

The process of opening was easier said than done. After the lid of the box had been wrenched off almost angrily by Paganini, there was much to be done before the contents were visible. Wadding after wadding of hay was followed by roll upon roll of paper. Each separate covering of paper was secured by enormous seals and intricate twines of string.

"Well, what is it, after all that padding?" said one of the old ladies, who could not conceal her impatience.

There were still more coverings to be unbound and unsealed before any one's curiosity could be gratified.

At last the most secure fastening of all was cut, and Paganini held up to the astonished company—a wooden shoe!

"Is that all?" tittered the old ladies, with an injured air. "We need not have stopped our game for that."

"Only an old shoe, after all," sighed Louisette, who ill-concealed her disappointment.

"Only an old shoe after all," repeated Paganini, with marked emphasis, and without taking his eyes from the quartette at the whist table. "A very good practical joke, no doubt, and one that must have caused its promoters a vast amount of amusement. This present has been sent me as a direct allusion to and a taunt upon my supposed avarice. I can see through it all. A present of a wooden shoe on Christmas eve is sent to Paganini in order to compare him to the little children who are always asking for presents, and are seldom liberal themselves. It does not require much intelligence to see through this feminine jest. But never mind; the concoctor of this scheme meant me to believe that this box contained a present of great value. He or she, whoever it may be, shall not be disappointed. I tell you, Louisette, and every one here assembled, that not many days shall pass before this old wooden shoe is worth its weight in gold.

Paganini was strangely excited, and every one in the room looked at him with astonishment. They did not understand what he meant, but they felt somehow that he would keep his word.

Three days passed away, and Paganini never appeared in the day time, or took his accustomed seat in the drawing-room after dinner.

Louisette was asked the reason, and her answer was that Paganini was not as well as usual, and was obliged to keep his room. Even Louisette did not know the real cause of his absence. She had seen him, it is true, hour after hour, at work with knife and chisel and the sharpest instruments, and she had heard that at feats of dextrous carpentry the great violinist was almost without a rival; but she did not know that by dint of patience and exquisite ingenuity, the old wooden shoe which had been taken out of the box on Christmas eve, was being changed into a violin which in tone and finish would not have discredited Amati.

Paganini's labor was rewarded. He gave the old shoe a soul, and the world was to hear the result.

Very soon blue bills, placarded on the walls of the Villa Lutætiana and liberally distributed all over Paris, announced to the world that a concert would be given in the large saloon of the villa on New Year's eve, at which Nicolo Paganini would make his first appearance after his serious indisposition. The popular artist promised to play ten pieces, five upon an ordinary violin, and five upon a wooden shoe. The price of admission was fixed as high as twenty francs a head, but it was added that the proceeds would be devoted to a charitable purpose.

The good news of Paganini's recovery and speedy reappearance spread like wild-fire in Paris. For three months past hardly a soul in Paris knew what had become of the illustrious artist. The whole musical world indulged in transports of joy, and it is needless to add that a few hours after the announcement appeared, not a ticket for the concert was to be had for love or money. Paganini had given strict injunctions that only a certain number were to be sold. The largest theatre in Paris could have been filled over and over again, but he had set his heart upon playing in the Villa Lutætiana.

There was an element of what we should call "sensation" about the whole freak of the artist. A concert in an elegant establishment like this villa, given by one of the most distinguished of all artists after a three months' absence—variations first upon a violin and then upon a shoe—these were the items of gossip discussed over and over again until the long looked for New Year's eve came at last.

The carriages of all the notabilities in Paris thronged to the gates of the Villa Lutætiana, and amidst a hush of breathless excitement Paganini, violin in hand, made his appearance in the room.

There was not a trace of his recent illness left. He looked as young again as when he had isolated himself from the world. With one bright smile at the recognition he received, and with but little preface, he dashed at once into a brilliant fantasia, and, quite lost in the fury of his art, he literally intoxicated his audience with his magic power.

"He cannot improve upon that," they said. "He never played better in his life."

Prepared, however, for any prodigies of skill from one who had previously done what no living man had accomplished on the violin, the dilettanti waited in an agony of excitement for the variations on the "sabot."

After a short interval Paganini reappeared with the treasure in his hand. A silence that was almost terrible, and then from the new instrument poured forth sounds so sweet as to draw tears from the eyes of almost every one in the room. The artist seemed to be carried away by the excitement he was causing, and put his whole soul and grand intelligence into the musical drama he was reciting. There could not be a doubt about its meaning. It was the return of the conscript. There was the roll of the drums, the excitement of military life, the pang of pain at the soldier leaving his companions, the loneliness of the journey, the approach to home, the meeting of the lovers, the tears of joy and ecstacy of indissoluble happiness.

A burst of wild applause greeted the last brilliant passage of Paganini's almost superhuman effort. Again and again did the villa ring with the excited cheers of the audience. The ladies flung their bouquets at the artist's feet, and the men rushed up to him and seized him by the hand.

Even the four old ladies who had composed a certain whist party to which allusion has before been made, could not refrain from the general excitement which was around them. "It is simply magnificent," they said; "we should not have judged him so harshly. He must have a good heart."

Up in a corner of the saloon, half hidden by a curtain, stood a simple little girl. She was crying as if her heart would break. It was Louisette.

The drama of the conscript's return had gone straight to her heart.

The concert was a magnificent success, and when it was all over they totaled the receipts.

They amounted to two thousand francs.

And then Paganini called Louisette to his side.

"My little friend," said he, "we have been lucky enough to obtain five hundred francs more than was required to procure a substitute for Henri. What is over will do to defray Henri's expenses on his way home."

Louisette could not keep back the tears of gratitude which came welling to her eyes. But Paganini took her kindly by the hand, and said—

"You have been an affectionate and faithful little handmaid to me, and you too must have your reward. I will give you something to start in life with. This old shoe—perhaps you will like to call it a violin now—is yours; I always intended that it should belong to you. You can dispose of it as you think best, and I cannot help thinking that it will realize sufficient to give you a handsome dowry."

Paganini was quite right. A wealthy Parisian amateur purchased the instrument of her, and the price he paid for it was six thousand francs.

And so Louisette got back her lover from the wars through the instrumentality of Nicolo Paganini. The kind part this famous violinist played in the matter must ever redound to his advantage, however much it may be considered "An Artist's Freak."—*Cassell's Magazine.*

THE TRUE MAN.

I know of no crusader bold,
Nor palmer, nor Paynim,
However stout his battle arm,
Or loud his battle-hymn;
Nay, though they sum their chivalry.
With Richard gather'd in,
And add one worthy of their fame,
The brave oldSaladin;
I know not one of all their host,
From rearmost to the van,
Whom I can hold by right and truth
So brave and true a Man
As he, who of his own resolve,
By conscience pricked and stirred,
Dares brand a Wrong before the world,
By deed, or thought, or word!

He is my hero, first of all,
Though spear nor sword he wield,
Who holds the Wrong his only foe,
The Right his only shield;
Who dares to battle for the Truth,
Though Error on her side
Has gathered hosts, and shakes in wrath
Her pinions far and wide:
"The more the merrier," is his cry,
This hero, braver far
Than ever he, 'gainst Saracen
Who waged the blodiest war;
For though he win for but one truth
When martyrdom is passed,
His victory is for his race,
As long as time shall last!

C. D. STUART.

LOCAL KNOWLEDGE.—Plato divided mankind into those who have eyes and those who have none, and said that, while explorators of the former class see what comes before them in the course of their travels, because they bring eyes to see it, travellers of the latter class return home as wise as they went. He meant that our real acquaintance with the persons or events or places we are outwardly mixed up with depends on our previous training and capabilities for appreciating them as they are. The most powerful telescope is useless if the focus is not rightly adjusted to the eye. Of the thousands of Englishmen who are to be met with every Summer in all parts of the continent, how very few know anything of the history or habits or belief of the people whose faces they have been staring into for weeks or months! This is a trite remark as to our intercourse with foreigners; but it may sound like a paradox to say that it applies equally to our own knowledge of large sections of our own countrymen. The fact is that we all live in a little world of our own, and most of us know next to nothing of what lies outside the charmed circle wherein we move and have our being. The literary, the scientific, the political and religious, the fashionable worlds represent so many distinct centres of life and thought, which absorb the exclusive interest of a vast proportion of their votaries, and mainly occupy the attention of many more. Of course the lines cross one another, and there are some men who belong to two, or even more than two, of these little worlds at once. But the limited range both of human faculties and of human life prevents this from being the rule. And it is curious, if we come to dwell upon the fact, to see how completely ignorant we often are of the habits and feelings and principles of those whom, perhaps, we meet in society every day, but who are none the less living in a wholly different sphere from our own. There are many-sided men, no doubt, to be found, and they give to social intercourse one of its greatest charms. But they are undeniably the exception. It would be almost as difficult for the reigning beauty of a London season to enter into the interests of a keen politician, or for either of them to grasp the standpoint of the rival combatants in the Colenso or Ritualist controversies, as it is for an educated Englishman to realize the mental processes of a South Sea Islander. And this, to come to our immediate point, is true in a modified sense of particular places, inhabited by men of the same blood with ourselves and governed by the same laws, though it is less true now than it was a century or half a century ago. What does an ordinary Londoner know about the denizens of what he has learnt, somewhat slightingly, to call "the provinces?" There is a separate public opinion of Liverpool or Birmingham, based on a number of local traditions and peculiarities, of which the tourist, who devotes a few hours or days to inspecting their dockyards and factories, knows nothing. It is, indeed, the tendency of modern civilization, with its increased facilities for locomotion and communication, to break down the barriers both of the "provincial" and national idiosyncrasies; but its operation is slower than we are apt to imagine, and the cosmopolitan idea is never likely to attain an exclusive domination.—*Saturday Review.*

THE HOLLY-TREE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree!
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme.
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
Harsh and austere—
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities, I, day by day,
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the Summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly-leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem amid the young and gay,
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

THE MANUFACTURE OF TOYS IN EUROPE.

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Star* says France and Germany are the chief competitors in the toy market—the first for taste, and the second for cheapness. The peasants of Saxon Switzerland spend their winter evenings in cutting out the immense supply of farmyards and their appropriate animals, soldiers of every nation, and household implements of every kind, which, dispatched to Paris from Olbernau in fragile wooden boxes, are sold for two or three francs. Beasts, covered with velvety coats, colored according to the animal, are made at Rodach, toys in porcelain at Ohrdruff; whilst the baby dolls simply attired come from Sonnenberg, Neustadt and Wallerhausen. Men made in plaster are dispatched to us from Prussia (*en attendant*, their originals sent free of expense by M. de Bismarck), whilst leaden soldiers, measuring about an inch in height, painted and heavily armed, come from Bavaria, Nuremberg and Furth. Household utensils in china—such as pipkins, saucepans, cups and saucers, dolls' heads in china, games of lotto, penny watches, wooden wheelbarrows, spades and rakes—are made in the departments.

The Quartier du Temple, in Paris, produces all other toys. The population of that curious old quartier are now wholly occupied by toy-making, and each workman has his speciality. For instance, the man who makes rabbits striking on a drum with their fore-paws makes no other toy. Of these there are annually forty-three thousand two hundred sold, prime cost, at four and sixpence a dozen. We have all been temporarily deafened by a child armed with a cat, dog or sheep mounted on a sort of bellows, which the urchin puts close to our ear, and immediately a villanous squeak sets every nerve in our brain on edge. The construction of these detestable deformities, both in form and sound, occupy as many hands as the agriculture of the country now demands.

There are six manufactories of brass trumpets in Paris alone. Two hundred thousand drums are monthly made in this city. Their prime cost is 1s. 3d. per dozen, and the supply never equals the demand. They are made of oak or beech; the wood employed is sent from Villers Catteress; the parchment from Coutances and Issoudun.

The writer adds:

Of dolls the number is legion. One manufacturer alone supplies the children of this capital with fifty thousand per annum; and it would be impossible to detail the scores made of scraps of indefinite materials, put together by poor seamstresses living in garrets, to be sold by women still poorer crouched beneath a *porte cochere* now shivered by the bitter blast, and a few months hence by the blazing sun. These dolls for the humble are made by no rule, but the *bebes* for the rich employ several separate trades. There are workmen who stretch the flesh-tinted leather with which they are covered and nail it on boards that it may acquire the requsite pliableness; others cut the said skin into the shape required to cover legs, arms, etc.; others line these detached pieces with calico; others, again, fill the sewn skin with bran. A separate branch of the trade is that of adapting heads and arms to the bran-filled bodies. These heads, when in porcelain and paste, come from Germany, whereas waxen occiputs are moulded and tinted in Paris. Wig-making for dolls employs three separate trades—namely, makers of human hair wigs, of wigs manufactured from the Thibet goat, and those of lamb-skin. Dolls' shoes have a trade to themselves. It appears that combs for these inanimate coquettes are only to be found in the Rue Acunaire, where is a *fabrique* of dolls' combs.

From the dolls of the present day we may learn a sad truth. You have but to walk along the streets and stop for a few moments opposite a toy-shop to be convinced of the frightful progress of extravagance in female attire. Dolls now-a-days are arrayed in silks and velvet, embroidered, and adorned with lace; their robes, moreover, exquisitely made, and true copies of the style adopted even by women of good society; they stare at one with a knowing air, eyeglass in hand, and feathered hat cocked on one side. Their price—I dare not write the sum—I am assured is given by the wealthy for these mischievous representatives of the female sex.

But, to be just, extravagance is perpetrated for boys as well as girls. The old wooden horse, on which we have ridden many an hour, encountering in full, tilt knights as splendidly mounted as ourselves, is a thing of the past. The boys of Paris would laugh to scorn a toy less scientific in its structure and less extravagant in its price than a *cheval mechanique*. The cheapest of these costs £3.

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